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Among the literary contents of this Part will be found: Decorative Art, artistically considered.—Chinese Porcelain.—The Great Masters of Art, Eugene Le Sueur.—On the Embellishment of Public Buildings.—Relics of Middle-age Art.—Pilgrimages to English Shrines, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.—Domestic Manners of the English during the Middle Ages, by T. Wright, F.S.A.—The British Association, by Professor Hunt.—The Arts in Stockholm, by Frederika Bremer.—The Progress of Art-Manufacture, &c. &c. Several of these papers are numerously illustrated with Woodcuts.

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THE THIRD QUARTERLY PART, for 1852, is now ready, price 3s., or the monthly part for September, price 1s., for convenience of Book-clubs, Colonial and distant provincial circulation.

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE CRITIC, HEINRICH HEINE, AND THEIR GERMAN COMMENTATOR.

The *Berlin Magazine für die Literatur des Auslandes*, remarks thus:—"The English Literary Journal, THE CRITIC, reports in one of its recent numbers, a conversation held between its Editor and the German poet in Paris. This conversation is, apparently, not an imaginary one; to be so, it contains too many original thoughts and turns of expression which could only have proceeded from HEINE himself. THE CRITIC is quite delighted with HEINE's utterances respecting the English, and does not at all seem to remark the irony with which HEINE receives his visitor's ever-recurring refrain; 'The English are a practical people;' or the sarcastic nature of the complimentary assertion that he had found the most poetical of Englishmen in Bedlam,—which HEINE makes when the English gentleman observes: 'We do not speak much, unless after dinner, or in political assemblies, for political objects; but we think a great deal, we feel deeply, and we are the countrymen of SHAKESPEARE, and of MILTON.' * * * * *

The English journalist puts into the mouth of the German poet several things—the romantic burst about Lord BYRON for instance—which, as they stand, can scarcely have been so expressed by the German—but the *idea* seems everywhere to be HEINE's," &c., &c., &c.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"IN Biography there is his Grace of WELLINGTON who generally has had a life or two written of him per year; but who of late has dropped into a comparative literary obscurity. Mr. STROCKELER, the active military writer, is at work upon still one more life of the hero of a hundred fights." It was thus we wrote exactly a month ago, little thinking that the death of the illustrious warrior would so soon produce an efflorescence of panegyric biography, unparalleled in the history of English literature. When the English press uttered its indignant comments on Lord CARDIGAN in the famous "black bottle" case, Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR asserted that more genuine eloquence had been produced than was extant in the orations of DEMOSTHENES:—what does he say to its utterances on the hero of Waterloo? If all the dirges, leading-articles, journalistic sketches, pamphlet-lives, new and reproduced volume-biographies, that the press has sent forth on the occasion of the Duke's decease—if all these were to be chanted simultaneously aloud, the consequent volume of sound would be little inferior to that which the cannon will boom forth in celebration of his national obsequies. A less hasty and more careful and elaborate memorial of the great Duke than any of these may be expected one day from a practised hand, that of Lord MAHON, the historian of England, whom the Duke, as is well known, some time ago appointed to be his Literary Executor. His Lordship was already, with Mr. CARDWELL, the joint Literary Executor of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL; and upon him, therefore, there has devolved a double but responsible honour, such as can scarcely fall to the lot of another living man. Perhaps it is as well, with two such literary tasks imposed upon him, that the last General Election released him from the engrossments and fatigues of Parliamentary existence.

The Duke, as everybody knows, had long been Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and one of the most marvellous though most quiet of his achievements was that which he had completed a few days before his death—a perusal of the huge blue book which entombs the labours of the Oxford University Commission. The Duke had for many years thrown out expressions of a wish to see his University reformed and improved; and although he was not likely to originate any

proposals in that direction, no man would have more heartily and influentially enforced the feasible suggestions of others. We have more than once drawn the attention of our readers to the importance in a purely literary point of view, of University reform, exercising as Cambridge and Oxford do a profound and lifelong intellectual influence on the minds of the higher classes, and thus powerfully modifying the general tone of the country's literature. There seems little doubt that the invitation to the Earl of DERBY to allow himself to be nominated a candidate for the Chancellorship will result in his election, as the invitation proceeded from University magnates of all shades of thinking, including among them some chief supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE's. It has been hinted in quarters hostile to the Premier's election that he will patronize the status quo, and oppose University Reform; a rather hasty and premature conclusion. Do we not read of enquiries now making by the Government lawyers into the misuse of the noble endowments of WILLIAM of Wykeham? Is there not announced the approaching appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the affairs of Cathedral Chapters? Was not Lord DERBY a foremost promoter of the recent reform in Church affairs at Manchester? Meanwhile, the Cambridge University Committee is holding its meetings assiduously, and will produce its huge blue book, too, one of these days. And whoever may be suspected of an undue love of inertia, it is not the Chancellor of Cambridge, Prince ALBERT, who as he zealously forwarded the appointment of the Commission, will no doubt as zealously forward the adoption of the improvements it may suggest.

The evil results of an undue shyness on the part of the British government with respect to literature were never more strikingly evinced than the other day in connection with the death of the Duke. Fancy an important communication from the Premier to a high official like the Home Secretary, conveying, too, the sentiments and intentions of the Royal mind, being first communicated to the public in the columns of the daily newspapers! The letter in question was "handed to us," said the *Leading Journal*, "for publication;" as if a Duke at least should have mounted to the editorial sanctum, and humbly begged its insertion! Suppose *The Times* had been in an ill-humour, and had rejected Lord DERBY's letter in the same terms in which it once rejected an advertisement of Mr. THORNTON HUNT's, returning it with the message that "he might insert it in his own paper." Why should not the Government have, as in France, a *Moniteur*, not like that in France with a partizan tone, but simply for conveying to the public such documents as Lord DERBY's letter, and useful general information of an official kind? Parliamentary papers might be condensed and explained in such an English *Monitor*; for which, indeed, there are precedents in *The London Gazette* and *The Court Circular*. Mr. DISRAELI considers parliamentary papers "an important part of the national literature;" at least they are the part the most difficult to get at, for while you may procure at the British Museum a perusal of last month's numbers of *The Family Herald*, you cannot have a sight of the parliamentary publications of the year 1851!

A blue-book, recently published, contains a letter from Mr. ANTHONY PANIZZI to the Trustees of the British Museum, dated May last, and strongly recommending the conversion of the vacant interior quadrangle into a spacious reading-room. So far good; and the suggestions of the public press have not been thrown away. Further, Mr. ANTHONY has been stirring up the Scotch and Irish publishers to send their publications to the Museum; and those of London may be supposed (after Mr. CHAPMAN's appearance at the police-office), to be improving in that respect. Further, still, the new or newest catalogue, lately placed in the reading-room, and containing the titles of the books which for some years have been added to the library, is at least constructed on a uniform plan; if you have an exact bibliographical knowledge of the volume which you wish to procure, and if you have thoroughly mastered the ninety-six rules, you are likely to be successful in finding it in the new supplementary catalogue. But a great deal more still remains to be done. If you are thoroughly studying a subject, your first want is a list of the books upon it, and if this cannot be supplied, a printed list of books in general, which you can run over at home, marking the titles of those that

relate to your particular topic. Probably not a day passes that there does not enter the Museum a book which would be extremely useful to some one student; but of the existence of which he is left in complete ignorance from the want of a printed periodical list of additions to the library. Mr. ANTHONY PANIZZI has said: "if you don't know what you want, it is not my business to help you." It could be easily made Mr. PANIZZI's business by the following simple process. Let a memorial be drawn up exhibiting the desirability of a printed periodical list of additions to the Library. Let this memorial be presented to Mr. HUME, and let him be requested to move, say at the end of each session, for a return of the titles of all books added to the Museum during the preceding twelvemonth. This would be printed, published at the usual cheap parliamentary rate, and, we can assure Mr. DISRAELI, would really form "an important part of the national literature." So lively a sense have our French neighbours of the utility not merely of printed catalogues, but of printed classified catalogues, that in the excellent report lately presented to the Minister of Public Instruction by M. TASCHEREAU, the new Librarian of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* (and the biographer of Molière) the first enterprise he proposes to undertake in the way of publication is the transmission through the press of a catalogue of all the works in the Library relating to the History of France. His next publication is to be a catalogue of those relating to the History of England; so that we shall owe to the enlightened industry of the French, that classified account of our own historical literature, which we ought long ago to have executed for ourselves.

The Museum and Library rate leviable under Mr. EWART's act, can be applied only to defraying expenses of management and general support, not to the purchase of books. Our Manchester friends know by experience, the uncertainty and fluctuations of voluntary subscriptions, and are already beginning to talk of moving Parliament for power to levy a small rate applicable to the purchase of books. The Liverpool Free Library is to be opened soon; but without any noisy public demonstration or speechifying of Literary Notabilities. We trust that the example of the two great northern towns will not be thrown away upon the Metropolis, which contrasts shamefully with Paris in respect to public libraries. Mr. EWART will not be inactive next session in the matter, which, as the public has been already assured, is "under consideration" by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Society of Arts appears to be rather ashamed of its list of two lecturers, and, on application, now replies that its labours in that department will not be communicated to the public until the close of November; by which time all the Literary Institutions of the country will have completed their lecturing arrangements! The cry is still, they go. Last fortnight, we chronicled the decease of the City of London Literary Institution, and now we have the painful duty of announcing the decease of its namesake, the City of London Mechanics' Institute. The newest provincial decease is that of the Birmingham Philosophical; and the only remaining Birmingham Institution, The Polytechnic, is reported to be in a very sickly state. Lord CARLISLE has been delivering his Lecture on POPE at the Mechanics' Institute at Morpeth; but, were his Lordship to deliver it at every Institute in the land, that would avail them little. However, his lecturing costs nothing, so that his Lordship's exertions are as inexpensive as a secretary's!

Whether it be the ample space made available by the absence of Parliamentary oratory, or whether it be that his genius, unlike that of MILTON, produces most readily between the autumnal and the vernal equinox, certain it is that the Literary Gentleman of *The Times* newspaper has been extremely communicative of late, and has even condescended to intersperse his lofty lucubrations with general remarks on the state of this department of literature and of that, and to comment on the little foibles of the great publishers. If he has been rather severe on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (to the grief of the susceptible Lord CARLISLE, whose letter on the subject to "my dear Mr. BAINEs" is a striking proof of the power of Caucasian criticism), has he not been graciously benignant to NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, and frightened the unapproachable BULWER with predictions of the results of American competition? How gracious, too, his treatment of those poems of the "Hon.

JULIUS FANE," after the declaration that poetry is becoming as rare and strange a phenomenon as the stage-coach. Not so thinks the doubtless very young gentleman who inserted the following advertisement in the anti-poetic critic's own newspaper:

POETRY.—Periodicals supplied with Poems, on various subjects, by one who carried off prizes at his College.—Sigma, &c.

The force of greenness can no further go! But the gem of recent literary advertisements is the following one:

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Who can this disinterested literary philanthropist be? Is it Lord BROUGHAM? We doubt not he has been already called in by our sickly and ill-tempered contemporary, the — But no! we refrain from mentioning names.

THACKERAY is delivering his lectures at Manchester, and is then to deliver them at Liverpool, en route to the United States. It will be curious to contrast his reception there with the triumphal progress of DICKENS. Surely we shall have a book from him about America, where "snobbism" flourishes in rankest luxuriance. And the long-promised novel is at length announced by Messrs. SMITH and ELDER. Its title is *The History of Harry Esmond, Esq.* MACAULAY has been successfully sacrificing to HYGEIA among the genial breezes of Clifton. CARLYLE has betaken himself to Berlin to study the "environment" of his new hero, the great FREDERICK. The author of *Church and State* has been acquiring knowledge (cheaply) at the Belfast Meetings of the British Association, and has opened his political lips to utter many a parenthesis in the discussions of its statistical section. Mr. F. O. WARD, the "sanitary" contributor to *The Times*, is enlightening the Sanitary Congress at Brussels; and "Bob" LOWE, the colonial contributor, who has realized "the dream of his life," and is M.P. for Kidderminster, has, with fiery eloquence, been wielding at will the fierce democracy of that metropolis of carpets. If the Baptists have of late years lost a DAWSON, they have gained a SHERIDAN KNOWLES, who has at last joined their respectable sect; and, at Stepney College, is instructing in elocution the young candidates for admission into the Baptist ministry. ALBERT SMITH was said to have been drowned in the Rhine, because his pocket-book (with money in it) was found upon its banks; but ALBERT is alive and well, and the pocket-book has been safely received by "Messrs. COUTTS, Mr. SMITH's bankers." A literary man with a banker's account! What next? "Ada, sole daughter of my house," &c., is said to be dangerously ill; and Mrs. S. C. HALL, travelling in Ireland (as the next number of her Magazine will show), has sprained her ankle at Killarney. In Ireland, too, travels Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU, and writes those letters about it which are appearing in *The Daily News*.

A contemporary has been throwing out mysterious hints of "dissensions" in the Guild of Literature and Art, because its promoters are selling off their theatrical gear and retiring into private life. We are not "authorized to state," but we may safely say, that the Guild's motive for ceasing to act is a consciousness that it has done enough in that way, and may leave its object in the hands of the public. The Guild must make haste with its final arrangements, or there will be nobody of the slightest note left to be pensioned. Miss COSTELLO, the lively and instructive authoress (sister to the clever author of the same name), has been put on the pension-list for an annual 75*l.* and 200*l.* a year is allotted to SOUTHEY's widow, in consideration of her late

husband's literature; without allusion to her own graceful prose and verse.

"Some of our tender brethren of the press," says *The Literary Gazette*, with an obvious reference, "are apparently angry with the publishers of Dr. THOMPSON's *Western Himalaya and Tibet*, because in exposing the ignorance and animus of a weekly newspaper reviewer, it has been insinuated that a five shilling advertisement of a book is regarded in some quarters as a fee for a favourable notice. We believe the system has become notorious," &c., &c. It was not with the general statement that we found fault, but with the special application to "the weekly reviewer," of whom, moreover, and of whose "animus" we know nothing and care to know nothing. Charges, like these, should be well considered before they are made. We are not so simple as to believe that either weekly or quarterly reviewers, in delivering their literary verdicts, are always uninfluenced by private feelings either of friendship or of hostility. But on the other hand, we do not believe that there is a single reviewer connected with the respectable portion of the metropolitan press who would be influenced for a moment by the non-transmission of an advertisement to the publisher of the Journal to which he contributes.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN and HALL have taken advantage of the general dullness to open the winter's publishing campaign with a new book or two; and we are glad to see in their list a third (and cheap) edition of Mr. KINGSLEY's remarkable and powerful novel, *Alton Locke*. When so much is said about the dearth of new publications, it should be remembered that novelty may justly enhance price, and that the publisher has a fair claim to remuneration for the risk he runs of loss. So soon, however, as a book is proclaimed by the public approval a standard one, it cannot be said of English publishers that they are slow to offer it at a low price, then that they are sure of a fair demand. We fear that the other new publications of Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL are scarcely likely to reach that fortunate stage. Much was expected from the title of Mr. SAVAGE's new novel; for though *My Uncle the Curate* had been a partial failure, *The Bachelor of the Albany* and *The Falcon Family* left a long and pleasant memory of themselves, and it was hinted that *Reuben Medlicott, or the Coming Man*, was to have for its hero—Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI! Alas! REUBEN is a poor, silly, vain creature, who runs through the various stages of pedant, dinner-conversationist, and "stump-orator," ending with Quakerism, and the detailed minute chronicle of his fatuities soon becomes simply wearisome. Nor is Mr. MORLEY's *Palissy the Potter* likely to take away the reproach under which English biography at present suffers. Mr. MORLEY announces himself as the author of *A Defence of Ignorance*, and *How to make Home Unhealthy*, two little volumes which were even attributed to Miss MARTINEAU in her eccentric moods, and the second of which appeared in *The Examiner*—Mr. MORLEY being a lively contributor to that journal, as well as to *Household Words*. This new biography of a small unknown, from the France of the sixteenth century, professes to give an account of its hero's "Labours and discoveries in art and science, with an outline of his philosophical doctrines, and a translation of illustrative selections from his works." His only discovery seems to have been that of "white enamel," and his "philosophical doctrines" are the sheerest puerilities. Altogether, the man might have filled an amusing page in the *Curiosities of Literature*, or a smart one in *Household Words*—but two sizeable volumes about him is really too much of a bad thing. FRANK GRAVE.

THE AUTHOR'S WORKSHOP.

NO. III.

What we Manufacture—Jack of all Trades—Astrology—Which Way the Wind Blows—An Earthquake—Crispin and the Cobblers—Oatmeal and Oriental Languages.

AT the present day the Workshop resembles a great naval arsenal, where everything is produced from a marine-spike to a mainmast, from a cock-boat to a three-decker,—where at an hour's notice we can furnish weapons offensive and defensive, with explosive compounds potent enough to shatter the Alps, and annihilate flotillas of literary Anakim. We have our useful workmen and labourers in other directions, who can provide you with chart and compass to navigate the whole ocean of science, and with means to

plummet the depths and measure the heights of human philosophy. Our workmen steal fire from above, and are not scorched; they scale the heavens like Titans, and are not repulsed. We have known, however, some *mud-larks* in our time, grovelling fellows, who have poked about in the mire and filth of erotic and fetid literature, contaminating their own minds and the minds of others, compared to whom the industrious little boys, who pursue their avocations on the muddy banks of the Thames picking up stray coal and chips and bits of cordage, are little angels. These fellows are exceptions and soon lose caste. We have the bustle of the arsenal, without its noise and hammerings, and without much of its subdivisions of labour. There is necessarily among us many a Jack-of-all-Trades, and not unskilful hands either. There are very few among us, comparatively speaking, who have the means and opportunities of wholesome and consecutive study. It is quite clear that the great majority are working for bread, leaving Fame to take her chance. Here is a benevolent-looking, large-headed, elderly gentleman, who has written books which have instructed philosophers, and to day he is writing a story-book for children—all about one Jack-the-Giant-killer (he tells us), a morally truculent Jack, who goes forth doing all sorts of lethal mischief to the *Blunderbores* of ignorance and superstition. Jack may find the poor gentleman in dinner for a week. Here, again, is a dilapidated young gentleman from Cambridge, and with Cambridge honours. He has been a little wild of late, it is whispered, and now manufactures rather unclassical odd bits for magazines and newspapers of the third or fourth order. He has as much faith in astrology as in the Man in the Moon; but nevertheless casts a horoscope on the sly, and talks with much apparent unction of cusps, nodes and cadents, seems as familiar with the House of Death as an undertaker, and with the House of Fortune as a banker. He speculates on being able to don a bran new hat next week (*tile the wild cub names it*), with coat and continuations to match, or *togs* as he quaintly designates them. The workman's avocations are directed by the wants or events of the day, and a diligent observer may tell what is going on out of doors by what is going on in the Workshop. Yea, he may almost tell the day of the week without the aid of an almanack. Saturday, for instance, is a grand day for sermon reading—wicked people say for sermon-stealing; and on Monday there is generally a run upon poetry and light reading. We perceive the advent of "Magazine Day" as distinctly as it can be perceived in the "Row," in the form of scores of proof-sheets in different directions, margined with the cabalistic signs of the printing-office. It is astonishing what scratching of heads, and biting of nails, and other token of perplexity there are on such days. In the same way we can tell of the approach of a comet or the fall of an empire. We know when there has been a storm in the Channel or a fire at Wapping—when a saint has died or a thief been hanged—when a fishing-boat has been lost or a battle has been won. We are all ready to swoop like birds of prey on the quarry, and by our books it may be known that we are in pursuit of coincidents, antecedents, histories and topographies for comment or illustration. Talk of newspaper windfalls! There is not a wind that a blows, not a breeze that ruffles the face of society politically, morally or religiously, but it blows something worth the picking up into the Author's Workshop! Without the aid of *The Times* we can tell when the sky is overcast and when it thunders; what measures are in agitation in Parliament, and what interests are considered at stake. We know whether the question of the day is corn or currency, the malt-tax or the knowledge-tax. A Sanitary Commission produces a demand for *Orfilas and Christons*, an University Commission for *Whewells and Hubers*. Blue-books receive rather cavalier treatment in butter-shops, but here they are consulted as oracles. Let a brevet be announced, and no end of *Ha, -pays* rush in to *con* the Army or Navy List. We can predicate a legal reform by the influx of lawyers, and the existence of a theological controversy by the influx of churchmen and dissenters. The case has never occurred, but were the Thames to be set on fire by some hopeful genius, we should be sure to know of it in time, and to give the public the benefit of our knowledge on the subject of fluvialile arson. It were to be wished that we were all at all times honest, and that in the quotations of authorities we give, we were like

the lady of Cæsar—"above suspicion." But AUGUSTINE tells us, "the flesh is weak," and matters have not greatly mended in matters moral since the days of the saint. We are prone to make an argument where there is no argument, and to coin an authority who is thoroughly base metal. We are an honest people, occasionally given to smashing. But such innocent frauds are perpetrated amid the pressure of circumstances—"under circumstances over which we have no control." We make ourselves the martyrs of innocent figments, if by any chance a figment can be innocent. We have our dark side and our bright side, and feel bound in honour to show both. For instance, a rumour prevailed some ten years ago of an impending earthquake; as if earthquakes were in the habit of sending forth heralds to announce a month in advance their coming. People were apprehensive, and dreamt of Lisbon, Sodom and Gomorrah, and meditated flights to Brighton, the Isle of Wight, and the German Spas. Scientific men endeavoured to dissipate idle fears. London reposes on a bed of clay, said they, and the clay reposes on chalk, and the chalk on red sandstone, and the sandstone probably on primitive rock, and, in fact, it must be an extraordinary earthquake which can make itself felt through so many strata—so many blankets and coverlets of solid earth. Science very nearly had the day, and the nerves of faint men and weak dowagers were getting strong until a wicked wag,—no friend of ours, as he has never returned the umbrella he borrowed of us, leaving us to walk through the rain ever since—in an idle moment coined a passage from the Harleian MS. No. 18156 (as he circumstantially quoted it) to the effect that a monk of Dree, in A. D. 1253, had predicted that, in 1843, among other prodigies—

Englondres ryche ond faymous toвне.
Hongrie Earth shal swallow deune.

The prediction was given in *The Chronicle*, copied into *The Times*, and commented upon in *Blackwood*, and the consequence of all was, the packing of boxes and portmanteaus beyond number, extraordinary waste of cordage, and hegiras innumerable to cities of refuge on the coast and the continent. We are far from justifying such "innocent frauds," but they do take place, just as Squabosh passes his shoe-leaves for Congou, and Tapster his coddled log-wood for port.

Hurry and worry and much tinkering is going on; yet it would be wrong to give the impression that there is not much sound scholarship aimed at, and that there are not those who toil and spin, and gather into their garner seeds of perennial usefulness. There are men, or workmen, more than usually alive to the true value of the literary existence into which they have been, in a manner, born, and who pursue their course perseveringly and honestly, be the pecuniary consequences what they may. We have those who hope against hope, and who pursue their course in the face of much discouragement in full faith of a glorious issue to their labours; and we have those who are exalted by a proper humility, and who are truly masters though they but stand and wait. A hard bed and coarse rations have never yet proved insurmountable obstacles to the man intent on enlarging the circle of his knowledge and on qualifying himself to burn incense on the altars of science. The spirit will out, be the claims of flesh and blood ever so strong, and there is more literary heroism in the world than the world ever wots of.

There came once among us a poor cobbler. Now let us speak reverently of those who have been followers of the "gentle craft" or who have had dealings with leather. To them the admonition *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* has been given in vain, and from the men of leather have sprung many notabilities. Those who have read in JEREMY TAYLOR must remember how beautifully he introduces into one of his sermons the story of the "perfect cobbler of Alexandria" who was made an exemplar to good Saint ANTHONY; and did not CRISPINUS, the patron saint of the craft, preach sermons to the poor sinners of Lyons by day, and cobble shoes by night? The learned JOANNES TRITHEMIUS, Abbot of Spanheim, is said to have made and mended shoes in his young days. Denied opportunities of learning by a harsh step-father, he was wont to steal from home at night, to receive lessons in Latin grammar of a neighbour. He ultimately became a great scholar and wrote many works, some of which are still quoted. He was a great theologian, a great mathematician, and, as rumour went, a great magician. The envious said that he was indebted for his learning to a familiar spirit, who whispered knowledge

into his ear. Of his magical power one biographer relates, that he raised the ghost of the wife of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN in the presence of witnesses. The emperor, terrified at the sight of his departed spouse, is said to have exclaimed: "Begone, Monk! and no longer make a fool of me!" We must skip Praisegod Barebones the "cauting leather-seller;" but we cannot skip sturdy GEORGE FOX with his leathern apron. No small flame did GEORGE kindle in this England of ours, albeit, as our northern friends would say, he was a little *daft*. Had GEORGE followed the advice of the parson to whom he went to obtain relief under his spiritual groanings—had he "sung psalms and smoked tobacco," it is probable we never should have had Quakerism. We have a liking for GEORGE as a thorough-going out-spoken Englishman, notwithstanding the twist in his head, and his strange mystical treatises. And was not GIFFORD a —? We do not like those who would answer a *snob*. We can see a great man behind his politics. There was the true stuff in the shoemaker lad, who read black-letter books, and worked out the problems of EUCLID with his awl on a piece of flattened leather. Honour to the brethren of the "gentle craft!" and we have far from having exhausted the list of worthies. We assert, because we know that there is no one in condition to gainsay us, that the sandal-maker to Egyptian CHEOPS could indite good matter in a song, and that he who cobbled for SARDANAPALUS could read us the Nimrod inscriptions better than Colonel RAWLINSON. But to come to our own poor cobbler. He, in imitation of his patron saint, mended boots and shoes over night, and applied his mornings to literature. What manner of man is this? was the question asked around, when he made his first appearance in the Workshop; and curiosity was intensified when he sat down as coolly to the perusal of the great folio Talmud as another would sit down to his newspaper. The square Hebrew and the Rabbinical bastard characters appeared to be as familiar to him as pica and long primer are to the compositor. We never saw him have recourse to a lexicon. Yet he was not a Hebrew. The unshorn chin was Jewish in look, but the carroty shock of hair, which appeared as if comb had never passed through it, belonged to no son of ISRAEL. The nose—well, we are justified in saying that it was a nose, but a very abnormal one. It was neither Roman, Grecian, snub, or pug, but it was a nose—*sui generis*. There was no mistake about the mouth. Its vast extent no sub-nasal growth of hair could disguise. His coat was brown, snuff-brown, and, judging by the cut, had its birth and parentage in the last century. Its primary owner must have weighed fourteen stones, while its immediate owner could not have weighed ten. It was darned, but withal clean, and was only obnoxious from its atmosphere of rosin. We descend no farther into particulars, as the stockings did not match and the shoes were not brothers. This man was entirely self-taught, as we learned by our prosecuting enquiries. His wife, foolish woman, was in the habit of entrusting him with money to make Saturday evening purchases, about Newport market, for the Sunday's dinner. He had a, by no means an odd, penchant for old book stalls; but his purchases hitherto rarely went beyond an odd volume out of the penny orange-box. He would read, however, at the open window for hours on the stretch, but we did not learn that the shopkeeper ever offered him a chair to sit upon, as once fell to the lot of a bibliophagic friend of ours,—an *al fresco* gormandizer of stall literature. The beginnings of book-buying are like the beginnings of sin. The great evil is in the first pennyworth. Our advice is not likely to be followed, or we should say, if you want a book borrow one, and, at common-law in books, it becomes your own property—he must be uncommonly verdant who returns a borrowed book to its owner—or, if you cannot borrow, steal, but keep in mind the sixth commandment. We have to record of our poor cobbler, that from the penny he began to dabble in the twopenny box, and once made a desperate venture in the sixpenny one. His conscience did not sit easy within him for a day or two after the event,—but the downward path of book-buying once entered on, there would seem to be no hope of return. An old Hebrew bible, printed at Amsterdam, without title-page, and wanting several leaves at the end, had long been a sore temptation to the cobbler. It was priced at half-a-crown, and lay at a stall in Holywell-street. Twice on a Saturday evening he had passed it, withstanding the strong temptation. He knew not *aleph* from

beth or *kametz* from a comet, still the book wonderfully attracted his eyes. The third Saturday—it was night—he looked before him and behind him ere he slipped into the shop. It was one of those thrilling moments in a man's lifetime when he feels that he has committed himself to an act, for which he has to bear the praise or censure of the world. Instead of the small shoulder of mutton he had been commissioned to purchase, he brought home the old Hebrew bible. The couple went dinnerless on Sunday, but from that Saturday night the poor cobbler began to be an orientalist. In his case it must have been a hard struggle to feed soul and body at the same time. We have been told that for some time he exhibited a notice in his humble window to this effect: "Boots and shoes mended here, and the Oriental languages taught," but this we are not so sure about. It, however, reminds us of a celebrated professor in a northern university, who died not many years ago, and who at one time kept a store in a street of Philadelphia—another self-taught genius, who really did exhibit in his window the notice: "Oatmeal sold here, and the Oriental languages taught." Our cobbler was, on the whole, a gentle creature, silent and unobtrusive. If we are not misinformed, several men, now high in the English Church, sat at his feet as disciples. For several years he has not been seen among us, but has been recognised in the neighbourhood of Trinity College, Dublin. Perhaps he still clouts shoes, but we should hope that his talents and perseverance have placed him above the necessity of toiling hard by night to enjoy the solacements of study by day.

We have had readers, who are not exactly poor readers, but it would puzzle a conjurer to say what worldly use some of them can make of their reading. We have already mentioned a man who is everlastingly dipping into Court Guides and Post Office Directories. Some regard him as a little touched, but it is possible that he may be compiling a treatise on the relative proportions of the *Smiths*, *Browns* and *Joneses*, and their distribution among the several trades and professions—a treatise which we should like to see completed, as it would tend to settle the vexed question upon which some heavy bets depend regarding the numerical strength of the *Smiths* and the *Joneses*. But here is a man who has read clean through the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, REES'S *Encyclopædia*, and is now somewhere about the middle of the letter S in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*! What a chaos must this man's mind be, unless, indeed, he has infinite powers of digestion!

ELZEYR ALDUS.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

(Continued from page 473.)

SCENE EIGHTH.—Evening.—A Room in a Manor.—MR. WILMOTT, ARTHUR, EDWARD.—WALTER, seated a little apart.

WALTER.

She grows on me like moonrise on the night—
My life is shaped in spite of me, the same
As ocean by his shores. Why am I here?
The weary sun was lolling in the west,
Edward and I were sauntering on the shore,
Yawning with idleness; and so we came
To kill the tedium of slow-creeping days.
On such slight hinges an existence turns!
How frequent in the very thick of life
We rub clothes with a fate that hurries past.
A tiresome friend detains us in the street,
We part, and turning, meet fate in the teeth.
A moment more or less had 'voided it.
Yet through the subtle texture of our souls,
From circumstance each draws a different hue,
As sunlight, falling on a bed of flowers,
From the same sunlight, one draws crimson deep,
Another azure pale. Edward and I
See Violet each day, her silks brush both,
She smiles on both alike—My heart! she comes.
[VIOLET enters and crosses the room.]
O God! I'd be the very floor that bears
Such a majestic thing! Now feed my eyes,
On beauteous poison, Nightshade, honey sweet. [A silence.]

VIOLET.

There is a ghastly chasm in the talk,
As if a fate hung in the midst of us,
It's shadow on each heart. Why, this should be
A dark and lustrous night of wit and wine,
Rich with quick bouts of merry argument,
And witty sallies quench'd in laughter sweet,
Yet my voice trembles in a solitude,
Like a lone man in a great wilderness.

MR. WILMOTT.

Arthur, you once could sing a roaring song,
That to the chorus drew our voices out;
'Twere no bad plan to sing us one to night,
Come, wash the roughness from your throat with wine.

ARTHUR.

What sort of song, Sirs, shall I sing to you—
Dame Venus panting on her bed of flowers,
Or Bacchus purple-mouthed astride his tun?
Now for a headlong song of blooded youth,

Give't such a welcome as shall lift the roof off—
Sweet friends, be ready with a hip hurrah!

[ARTHUR sings.]

A fig for a draught from your crystalline fountains,
Your cold sunken wells,
In mid forest dells,
Ha! bring me the fiery bright dew of the mountains,
When yellow'd with peat-reek, and mellow'd with age.
O, richest joy-giver!

Rare warmer of liver!
Diviner than kisses, thou droll and thou sage!
Fine soul of a land struck with brightest sun-tints,
Of dark purple moors,
Of sleek ocean floors,

Of hills stained with heather like bloody footprints;
In sunshine, in rain, a flask shall be nigh me,
Warm heart, blood and brain, Fine Sprite deify me!

I've drank 'mong slain deer in a lone mountain shieling,
I've drank till delicious,
While rain beat imperious,
And rang roof and rafter with bagpipes and reeling.

I've drank in Red Rannoch, amid its grey boulders,
Where, fain to be kiss't,
Through his thin scarf of mist,

Ben-More to the sun heaves his wet shining shoulders!
I've tumbled in hay with the fresh ruddy lasses,
I've drank with the reapers,
I've roar'd with the keepers,

And scared night away with the ring of our glasses!
In sunshine, in rain, a flask shall be nigh me,
Warm heart, blood, and brain, Fine Sprite deify me!

Come, string bright songs upon a thread of wine,
And let the coming midnight pass through us
Like a dusk prince crusted with gold and gems!
Our studious Edward from his Lincoln fens,
And home quaint-gubbed him in rooky trees;
Seen distant is the sun in the arch of noon,
Seen close at hand, the same sun large and red,
His day's work done, within the lazy west
Sitting right portly, staring at the world
With a round, rubicund, wine-bibbing face—
Ha! like a dove, I see a merry song
Pluming itself for flight upon his lips. [EDWARD sings.]

My heart is beating with all things that are,
My blood is wild unrest;
With what a passion pants you eager star,
Upon the water's breast!
Clasp'd in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep,
Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands,
With what an hungry lip the ocean deep
Lappeth for ever the white-breasted sands!
What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,
Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies!

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,
Fill'd with as tender light
As you low moon doth fill the heavens now,
This mellow autumn night!
On the late flowers I linger at thy feet.
I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim,
I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
Full juiced and mellow, leaneath to the taker's reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave,
It floods my shoulders o'er;
Another yet! O, as a weary wave
Subsides upon the shore,
My hungry being with its hopes, its fears,
My heart like moon-charm'd waters, all unrest,
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears
Doth faint upon thy breast!
I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet
With thy rich tears, one kiss! Sweet, sweet, another yet!

I sang this song some twenty years ago,
Hot to the ear tips, with great thumps of heart,
On the gold lawn, while Cæsar-like the sun
Gather'd his robes around him as he fell.

ARTHUR.

Struck by a country cousin, a rosy beauty

Of the dutch cheese order, rich'd with great black eyes
Which, when you plann'd a theft upon her lips,
Look'd your heart quite away!
Oh, Love! oh, Wine! thou sun and moon o' our lives,
What oysters were we without love and wine!
Our host, I doubt not, vaults a mighty tun,
Wide-wombed and old, cobweb'd and dusted o'er;
Broach! and within its gloomy sides you'll find
A beating heart of wine. The world's a tun,
A gloomy tun, but he who taps the world
Will find much sweetness in it. Walter, my boy,
Against this sun of wine's most purple light
Burst into song.

WALTER.

I fear, Sir, I have none.

ARTHUR.

Hang nuts in autumn woods? Then 'tis your trade,
Spin us a new one. Come! some youth love mad,
Reading the thoughts within his lady's eyes,
Earnest as one that looks into the Book,
Seeking the road to bliss—
Clothe me this bare bough with your sunny flowers.

WALTER.

The evening heaven is not always dress'd
With frail cloud-empires of the setting sun,
Nor are we always in our singing robes.
I have no song, nor can I make you one,
But, with permission, I will tell a tale.

ARTHUR.

If short and merry, Heaven speed your tongue;
If long and sad, the Lord have mercy on us!

WALTER.

Within a city one was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common doom,
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum, the boy clomb up
Into a shy and solitary youth,
With strange joys and strange sorrows, oft to tears
He was moved, he knew not why, when he has stood
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feeling overflow'd him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unspersed and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Once did he say, "For me, I'd rather live
With this weak human heart and yearning blood
Lonely as God, than mate with barren souls;
More brave, more beautiful, than myself must be
The man whom truly I can call my Friend,
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw
To higher heights of Being, and aye stand
O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the moon;
Soon as he fell in this, the crest and crown
Of noble friendship, he is nought to me.
What so anguished as Death? Yet to the dead
It lies as plain as yesterday to us.
Let me go forward to my grave alone,
What need have I to linger by dry wells!"
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
And left upon the mountain tops of Death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a Poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come.
Alchemist Memory turned his past to gold.
When morn awakes against the dark wet earth,
Back to the morn she laughs with dewy sides,
Up goes her voice of larks! With like effect
Imagination opened on his life,
It lay all lovely in that rarer light.

He was with nature on the sabbath days,
Far from the dress'd throngs and the city bells
He gave his hot brows to the kissing wind,
While restless thoughts were stirring in his heart.
"These worldly men will kill me with their scorn,
But Nature never mocks or jeers at me;
Her dewy soothings of the earth and air
Doth wean me from the thoughts that mad my brain.
Out interviews are stolen, I can look,
Nature! in thy serene and griefless eyes
But at long intervals; yet, Nature! yet,

Thy silence and the fairness of thy face
Are present with me in the booming streets.
Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,
And disembowelled by the biting pick,
Kind Nature! Thou hast taken to thyself,
Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mays,
Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed its scars,
And hid its wounds and trenches deep in flowers.
So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,
Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,
Efface the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,
The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain
With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm my heart
And the quick courses of my human blood."
Thus would he muse and wander till the sun
Reach'd the red west, when all the waiting clouds,
Attired before in homely dun and grey,
Like Parasites that dress themselves in smiles
To feed a great man's eye, in haste put on
Their purple mantles rim'd with ragged gold,
And congregating in a shining crowd,
Flattered the sinking orb with faces bright.
As slow he journey'd home, the wanderer saw
The labouring fires come out against the dark,
For with the night the country seem'd on flame,
Innumerable furnaces and pits.
And gloomy holds in which that bright slave, Fire,
Coth pant and toil all day and night for man,
Threw large and angry lustres on the sky,
And shifting lights across the long black roads.
Dungeoned in poverty, he saw afar
The shining peaks of fame that wore the sun,
Most heavenly bright they mock'd him thro' his bars.
A lone man wilder'd on the dreary sea,
When loneliness hath somewhat touch'd his brain,
Doth shrink and shrink beneath the watching sky,
Which hour by hour more plainly doth express
The features of a deadly enemy,
Drinking his woes with a most hungry eye.
E'en so, by constant staring on his life,
They grew worse featured, till, in his great rage,
His spirit, like a roused sea, white with wrath,
Struck at the stars. "Hold fast! Hold fast! my brain!
Had I a curse to kill with, by you Heaven!
I'd feast the worms to night." Dreadful words,
Whose very terror blanched his conscious lips,
He uttered in his hour of agony.
With quick and subtle poison in his veins,
With madness burning in his heart and brain,
Wild words, like lightnings, round his pallid lips,
He rush'd to die in the very eyes of God.
'Twas late, for as he reach'd the open roads,
Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,
The drowsy steeples toll'd the hour of One.
The city now was left long miles behind,
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars,
He reach'd its summit. Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he stood,
Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.
He raised his hands, Alas! 'twas not in prayer—
He long had ceased to pray. "Father," he said,
"I wished to loose some music o'er Thy world,
To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,
And then to die in autumn with the flowers,
And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so well.
Thou might'st have smooth'd my way to some great end—
But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty God,
This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds
Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,
Chaunted by Thee into Thine own great self!
Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to Thee?
My pangs? My tears of blood? They could not move
Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.
Thou hast forgotten me, God! And I am here.
To-night upon this bleak and cold hill side,
Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,
And as my pale corpse fronts the glittering night,
It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds."
His death did not disturb that ancient Night.
Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung
Great gulfs of silence, blue and strewn with stars—
No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Mundane Moral Government. By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1852.

AN author well-known in other and very different fields of investigation, here comes before us as a metaphysical inquirer; but his old habits still cling to him, and his scientific and statistical information are here brought to bear either in the way of analogy or illustration. The somewhat pedantic title of the book is not in its favour, but those who will so far get the better of this prejudice, as fairly to plunge into it, will find in it many original thoughts, much vigour of reasoning, and great vivacity and copiousness of well-chosen illustration. Mr. DOUBLEDAY's design, in the present essay, is to prove that there does exist a moral as well as a material government of this world; that moral actions proceed on principles as comprehensive, and as regular in their operations, as even those which govern the phenomena of the material universe; and that, while man is free to act, yet the causes, in consequence of which he determines to act, proceed upon fixed

principles of regular and even invariable recurrence. The great physical laws of attraction, gravitation, chemical affinity, and the rest, furnish him with hints for the elucidation of the moral system of the universe, which he proceeds to apply with much ingenuity, thinking that analogy discloses the existence of similar moral laws, of whose certainty there can be no doubt, though the manner of their operation it may be impossible to explain. To admit this inexplicability is to admit no more than must be conceded in reference even to the physical laws, whose existence has indeed been discovered, but as to which we have no remoter knowledge.

In considering the question of a moral government of the world, Mr. DOUBLEDAY very properly protests against our requiring equally certain and demonstrative evidence with that which can be obtained in reference to the material universe. He also protests against its being supposed necessary to show the *modus operandi* of any general law to which human motives and actions may be referred. Having thus guarded his argument from false objections, he proposes to find the foundations of a general law of moral

government in "a general or universal determination of men's will in certain directions." The modifications of this tendency give us the minor regulations. The material laws of gravitation, chemical affinity, &c., are believed because both the facts, and the uses of the facts, are apparent to the mind; and hence he contends that it is enough if he proves such constantly recurring determinations of the will, and their moral uses, in order to demonstrate a moral government of the world. Such is the nature of the argument which we are invited to consider, in this volume, and it is conducted throughout with great calmness, clearness, and ability. Its tendency undoubtedly is towards a necessitarian creed, and in many parts the author's reasoning may be considered defective and inaccurate; but the book is striking and suggestive, and, to those who accept its reasonings, has supplied another page in the great argument which all nature is constantly unfolding, for the Being of a Supreme Governor of the World. The author professes to evade, rather than attempts to solve, that great riddle—the question of liberty and necessity—which has engaged the minds of the greatest

thinkers of all ages, and yet which still remains, after all the ingenuity and metaphysical acuteness that has been brought to bear on it, unexplained and inexplicable. But while not professing to decide this *vetusta questio*, yet the essay does indicate, very unmistakably, the side on which the author would cause the balance to incline. We quite agree with him, however, as to its non-essentiality to his argument. It may seem of quite fundamental importance to ascertain whether the cause determining the will to activity exists within or without the mind—whether the actions a man does are the result of a deliberate and free choice, or are under the constraint of an outward and irresistible necessity. But, after all, if any regularity of determination whatever be established, there is here sufficient evidence of a governing power on which to found an argument.

Yet we would suggest to the author that merely to adopt a new nomenclature for acknowledged facts, is not to have discovered any system of government, to whose regulating power the facts themselves can be referred. The great moral law, in consequence of which, according to Mr. DOUBLEDAY, men's minds are kept in action, and the business of the moral world carried on, is *excitement*. But either this is merely another name for activity itself, or else it should indicate to us the cause of that activity—some one general law in consequence of which action results. Does Mr. DOUBLEDAY contribute anything to our knowledge of such a law? We think not. To call it excitement is merely to adopt a particular arbitrary sign for the thing unknown, as the mathematician sometimes represents the unknown quantity by the letter X. Unless, indeed, he is prepared to break through that indifference on the question of liberty and necessity which he had before so elaborately claimed for himself, Mr. DOUBLEDAY has discovered no law. He has only given the fact a new name. He seems so conscious of this, that he proceeds at once to outrage his philosophical impartiality by announcing the exciting power to be an external necessity:

"Metaphysicians," he says, "may fancy a certain internal and intrinsic activity in the soul or intellect, by which it may, of two perceived modes of action, choose or determine itself to one rather than the other. Such a power as this of free choice metaphysicians may fancy they can comprehend; but no one can conceive the mind to act without the excitement of some motive or other."

We do not see why he should rail at metaphysicians, since he is here practising their craft. His own opinions are those of a very well-known metaphysical school,—that which regards the mind, as he himself expresses it, "as only the recipient and storehouse of impressions and of ideas;" nor do we remember anywhere to have seen a better example of the necessitarian tendency of the Lockian philosophy.

It will be found that this is a feature pervading his whole theory, of which we cannot, within the limited space at our disposal, profess to give even the briefest abstract. His argument seems to us to halt most at the very part where its soundness was most essential, namely, on the threshold. The modifications of moral excitement in which he seeks to find those minor laws which govern human action, are *motives*; and his classification of these on a principle analogous to that of *genera* and *species* in natural science, seems to us to be arbitrary and contradictory. In justification of this opinion, the following extract may suffice:

The motives which impel or induce the human will, and are the causes of all moral acts, are clearly to be divided into two grand portions. These may be named "general" and "particular." "General motives" are those that embrace considerations for others as well as individual considerations. "Particular motives" are those in which individual considerations fairly predominate, and where self is the principal and almost sole object. But these again as naturally range themselves under the heads of "positive" and "negative." "Positive motive" arises from the desire of something to be attained. "Negative motive" arises from the fear of something which is striven to be avoided. Under this quadrupartite division, human motives may be very clearly and comprehensively classed. In some few cases there may be a doubt whether certain mixed motives may more properly be placed under the head of general or particular.

These, however, are not many; and it may, perhaps, be presumed, without any undue arrogance, that the following table will meet the ideas of a majority of those who think at all on topics so delicate:—

GENERAL. (Positive.)	PARTICULAR. (Positive.)
Love of God.	Love of existence.
Love of virtue.	Love of wealth.
Love of liberty.	Love of power.
Love of country.	Appetites for food.
Love of locality.	Appetites for the other sex.
Love of friends.	Appetites for warmth.
Love of family.	Appetites for shelter.
Love of fame.	Appetites for personal display.
Love of praise.	Personal emulation.
National emulation.	Personal arrogance.
Intellectual emulation.	Personal pride.
(Negative.)	(Negative.)
Hate of crime and vice.	Fear of death.
Dislike of foreigners.	Fear of poverty.
Dislike of other climates.	Fear of degradation.
Dislike of despotism.	Fear of scorn.
Dislike of obscurity.	Jealousy.
Dislike of foreign domination.	Envy.
National revenge.	Fear of loss of rank.
	Personal revenge.

A stranger attempt at an exhaustive division of human motives into general and particular classes, we do not remember to have anywhere met with. As regards national, intellectual and personal emulation, the morally exciting cause, determining the mind to activity, is undoubtedly, in every one of these cases, the same desire; and some of the alleged negative motives are only re-statements of the positive ones. The "appetite for personal display" seems to us rather a novel *appetite*, and we should like to know how the author would distinguish it from the "personal pride" which he has given as a particular motive, or the "love of praise," which he has given as a general one.

Mr. DOUBLEDAY's theory of the genesis of the various ideas of property, law, &c. we can as little subscribe to as we can to his classification of laws of moral excitement. Instead of beginning with the division of society into nations, and subdividing these into ranks and families, the more natural process would have been to begin with families, and from the simpler communities, and the ideas belonging to them, to develop the gradual formation of a more complicated social condition, and the ideas of a more advanced civilization.

These objections we merely suggest, as we might have suggested many more; but in our purely literary province, we have less to do with the opinions maintained in a book than with the ability of the execution. We are not called upon to pronounce dogmatically on philosophical doctrines, or to hold the balance between the rival champions of opposing theories. In some instances we may, indeed, claim the right of guarding the public against such reasonings as manifestly lead to immoral or atheistical, or anti-social conclusions, whatever the literary merits of the work may be. But we conceive it to be enough, in the present instance, to have indicated the nature of the author's argument, and pronounced an opinion on the general ability of his book, leaving the reader to arrive at his own conclusions regarding its particular doctrines.

SCIENCE.

On Animal Electricity, being an Abstract of the Discoveries of Emil du Bois-Reymond, Member of the Academy of Science of Berlin, &c. &c. Edited by H. BENGE JONES, M.D., Cantab., F.R.S., &c. London: Churchill.

OUR reasons for noticing a work of so purely a scientific character as this of Dr. JONES's, are to recognise the efforts to convey to the English reader, in a condensed form, whatever is known on an abstruse and difficult subject, perfectly freed from the charlatanism which has almost rendered the term *Animal Electricity* a byword from which men instinctively shrink, and also to trace out the progress which has been made of late years in another path of that vast department of science, the triumphs of which are daily becoming more and more visible to the ordinary apprehension in the application of Electricity in a way most unlooked for to many important interests of civilized life, of which the Electric Telegraph, the rise and progress of which we sketched in our last number, furnishes the best example and illustration.

The pages before us are, as it were, a synopsis of what is actually known of Vital Electricity, in a sufficiently small compass to enable the cul-

tivator of science, who may have many other demands upon his time and attention, to master, with a slight expenditure of both, the ascertained truths of a very obscure subject, and thus enable him to reject the various alleged facts and crude theories which have ever retarded, and still impede, the onward march of a branch of knowledge, which demands from the student who ventures on its practical pursuit, the most accurate and minute observation—the greatest delicacy of manipulation in experimenting—the utmost caution in disentangling and arriving at facts—and, we may almost venture to add, in the present state of knowledge, a complete abnegation of all hypothesis to account for observed phenomena; the want being, observations, so frequently made and reiterated as to warrant their acceptance as established and indisputable facts, and thus avoid wrecking this interesting and occult branch of Vital Physics, as has been done once and again by some of the most eminent in the ranks of science, by rash assumptions, and a too hasty generalization.

This little book is an abstract of the elaborate *Untersuchungen über thierische Elektricität*, a work not yet completed, but which, to use the editor's words, "makes us fully acquainted with the recent progress of electro-physiology; for, besides the experiments of the author, it contains a complete account of the labours of other philosophers in the same field," a path Dr. BENGE JONES has judiciously followed, by glancing at the discoveries, errors, and polemics of the workers on this subject, from GALVANI down to the latest researches of MATTEUCI and BECQUEREL, a list including the illustrious names of VOLTA, HUMBOLDT, NOBILI, MARIANINI, PFAFF, RITTER, &c. The mode in which the labours and character of the founder of this branch of knowledge, GALVANI, and of his great rival, VOLTA, is sketched, is admirable.

No one who has read Galvani's writings can, without reverence, turn away from the simple picture of that man, whose restless yet blind labours, and naïve desire for knowledge, were destined to bear such fruits. Galvani really discovered not only the fundamental physiological experiment of galvanism, properly so called (the contraction of the frog when touched by dissimilar metals), but also that of the electricity inherent in the nerves and muscles. Both of these discoveries were, however, hidden in such a confusion of circumstances, that the result in both cases appeared to depend upon the limbs or tissues of the animals employed.

Whilst of the philosopher of Pavia he says:

We shall scarcely again find in one man gifts so rich and so calculated for research as were combined in Volta. He possessed that "incomprehensible talent," as Dove has called it, for separating the essential from the immaterial in complicated phenomena; that boldness of invention which must precede experiment, controlled by the most strict and cautious mode of manipulation; that unremitting attention which allows no circumstance to pass unnoticed: lastly, with so much acuteness, so much simplicity, so much grandeur of conception, combined with so much depth of thought: he had a hand which was the hand of a workman.

It was in the year 1786 that GALVANI commenced his experiments, but he did not publish them, and his conclusions from them, until 1791, when his *De viribus Electricitatis in motu musculari Commentarius* was given to the world, in which he maintained that the muscles especially, contained the animal electricity, their outer surface being coated with the negative, and the inner with the positive form of this force, the nerves being the conductors. Of the sensation produced by these discoveries and theories, Dr. du Bois thus writes:

The storm which was produced by the appearance of the above-named Commentary among philosophers, physicians, and physiologists, can only be compared to that which disturbed at that time (1791) the political horizon of Europe. It may be said that, wherever frogs were to be found, and where two different kinds of metal could be procured, everybody was anxious to see the mangled limbs of frogs brought to life in this wonderful way. The physiologists believed that at length they should realize their visions of a vital power. The physicians, whom Galvani had somewhat thoughtlessly led on with attempts to explain all kinds of nervous diseases, as sciatica, tetanus, and epilepsy, began to believe that no cure was impossible; and it was considered certain that no one could in future be buried alive in trance, provided only that he were galvanized.

Nor did these extravagances stop here. Trials to restore life to those who had suffered a violent death, are reported to have been made with

powerful batteries, a notion eagerly adopted by the fiction-weavers of the age; so that electricity played its part as a resuscitator in many a tale, and lent its Promethean aid to the vague, wild dreams best embodied by MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY, in her powerful but dreary *Frankenstein*. These exaggerated notions are now justly exploded, lingering only in the minds of a few enthusiastic experimenters, who, with a praiseworthy pertinacity maintain that, although they can make neither man nor monster, they can create a mite.

From the extremely delicate nature of his investigation Du Bois-Reymond found it requisite to possess a galvanometer far more sensitive than those hitherto employed, and constructed one on the principle of POGGENDORF'S sinus-galvanometer, using for the coil "a copper wire 5,584 yards, or 3.17 English miles long, and about .0055 inch in diameter." The ingenuity and care displayed in guarding against extrinsic influences in the author's experiments are most commendable; thus, for the delicate attempts to detect the electric currents in animal structures, he uses cushions made of many layers of fine blotting-paper saturated with brine, resting on small blocks of wood placed inside the glass or porcelain vessels containing the saline solution and overlapping the edge; and these, when in use, and it is desired to close the circuit of the current, are brought into contact by a connecting cushion, similarly constructed. Further precautions are, however, requisite; thus, when the nerve or muscle is brought into the electric circuit, the connecting cushion is removed; and, lest such a corroding action should be set up as would destroy the vitality of the nerves and cause the muscles to contract, the animal structure experimented with, is not placed in contact with the blotting-paper cushions, but these are previously guarded by a slip of pig's bladder soaked in white of egg, and on which the organ, under experiment, is laid. The various chapters detail the general method adopted in experimenting in Animal Electricity, the modes of preparing the limbs of the frog for this purpose, and remarks on the general law of the excitation of the nerves by an electric current, from which it appears that a great analogy exists between the excitation of nerves by the electric current and the induction of currents. We then have some notices of trials made with other animals besides the *Rana esculenta*, including other species of frogs, toads, lacertians, pigeons, rabbits, sparrows, guinea-pigs and man, by which he has reduced the frog-current, and similar currents observed in other animals, to one general muscular current, the law of which is not confined to a particular species of animal, but extends over the whole animal creation. Details of the experiments by which these conclusions are arrived at would be almost unintelligible without the plates, which, by the way, are for the most part wretchedly executed, and we must refer the reader to the work itself for these and other descriptions and illustrations, and content ourselves with pointing out a few of the more important results this careful investigator has arrived at, without detailing either his experiments or his arguments. It would appear that the muscular current is engendered in the primary fasciculi of the muscle; that the electro-motive force of the muscles increases both with their length and thickness; that the muscular current decreases after the death of the animal, or after separation of the muscle from the body, so that as the author remarks:

The phenomenon of the muscular current must, therefore, be considered as a phenomenon which can only take place in the living tissue. The current, when once it has gone, in consequence of the *rigor mortis*, never returns.

The existence of an electrical current in the nerves, and of the identity of nervous force with electricity, have long been favourite hypotheses, and these have been happily confirmed by this author in his observations on the electro-motive action of the ischiatic nerves of a frog and of a rabbit, showing that the nervous current obeys the same laws as those which govern the muscular current.

We have said enough to show to the general reader the vast amount of care and caution, profound knowledge, dexterity of manipulation and philosophical acumen required, ere an opinion on this obscure subject is adopted, and the diffidence shown even by the most laborious investigators, in stating their deductions from observed phenomena, and thus guard him against the many

errors and delusions, often assuming the shape of some medical quackery, so frequent in the present day with respect to the connection between electricity and vital action. We regret to add one word which is not of approbation, still we think that, on second thoughts, Dr. BENGE JONES will agree with us that it would have been better, had the bickering between his author and MATTEUCI, with regard to the priority of various observations and discoveries, been altogether omitted in this otherwise carefully compiled abstract.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Napoleon the Little. By VICTOR HUGO. London: Vizetelly and Company. 1852.

PERHAPS the greatest commendation which we can give to this pamphlet is the greatest condemnation which we can give to it: that it is admirable as a display of artistic power. VICTOR HUGO is a man of unquestionable genius, but his mind is so essentially melodramatic, and its tendencies to pyrotechnic exaggerations and seven-league-boot extravagances have been pampered to such mad excess by a host of circumstances, not the least, his premature celebrity, that it has lost all healthy relish for the simple, the direct, and the natural. Hence his present production wants moral weight, prophetic earnestness, heroic vigour, just in the degree that it astonishes by its immense and often magnificent display of theatrical thunderbolts. It loses its effect from its rapid, enormous, skilful accumulation of effects. One-tenth part of the ammunition would have produced far more effect if the design had not been to dazzle, to fascinate by the brilliancy of manoeuvres, rather than to crush and to kill by grand Titanic onrush. We have no doubt that the author is very angry with LOUIS NAPOLEON,—that he thoroughly despises him, and profoundly abhors his crimes. But it is not the sacred wrath at wrong which he hurls at the delinquent's head so much as an avalanche of picturesque phrases. LOUIS NAPOLEON cares nothing for the boldest, most eloquent declamation in the world. He cares not if you crucify his name between earth and heaven as a spectacle of horror and of infamy to the nations. But if you can fix yourself in his flesh as a torturing Nemesis; if, as the incarnate indignation of mankind, you can grapple his throat, and stab his breast,—he may call his minions to shake you off, but he cannot shake off the dread of your vengeance.

It has become the habit of those who glorify success, by whatever means it has been obtained, to speak of the President of the French Republic in apologetic and almost eulogistic tone, as if he were not the vilest and most vulgar of adventurers. They discover in him a thousand talents, and a thousand excellences, which had strangely slumbered till he was exalted to the rule over a great people. We have no tolerance for such craven, crawling cant. The stamp of mediocrity is on all the Man's deeds, when there is not the deeper stamp of darkest guilt. It requires no such very surpassing genius to deceive, to oppress, to lie. Despotism, falsehood, fraud, demand neither a fertile invention nor a commanding will. Place a child on a throne, and a murmur of its mouth can fill the homes of millions with dismay, and drench the streets of cities with blood. In this thing, then, which Fate has sent to play obscene antics in the face of Europe, and which rejoices in the name of the Emperor's Nephew, we discern no higher virtue, or more abounding faculty, than those that adorn the accomplished cheat. Precisely, however, because we regard LOUIS NAPOLEON as so odious and despicable, are we opposed to any attempt like this by the author before us to make him merely the foremost figure in a profusion of gorgeous picturings in which the daring glow of commingling colours destroys all harmony of delineation. Few who have read can have forgotten VICTOR HUGO's noble romance, *Notre Dame de Paris*, to which our literature presents nothing comparable but the works of WALTER SCOTT. In that romance, in what a blaze of crowding tints each personage moves! Yet who would wish one single tint away? The more the hues sparkle, and change, and melt, the more gladly we surrender ourselves to the empire of the enchantment. We are not in the mood to throw one faintest murmur of criticism at such imperial and prodigal witchery. And in the other writings of VICTOR HUGO there is such manifold and majestic opulence of colour that we are vanquished with rapture and amazement, as if a king were to cast his purple robe around us, and place us near his throne. The birds of tropical climes, whose plumage flutters with the wealth of rainbows, prevent us from dwelling on the ugliness or the singularity of their forms: and the poems and dramas of VICTOR HUGO, dancing with a plenitude of the richest dyes, charm our gaze away from their bacchanal gestures and their hideous shapes. Judged by the standard of the Statuesque, he gives us nothing but vulgar, drunken daubs. Judged by the

standard of the Pictorial, he is the most fecund, most perfect Colourist of the Age. If there is a beauty in colours apart from forms, especially when they mingle in rapid, impetuous rivalry, then his fame is well earned, and he is not to be dethroned by contrasting him with RACINE, and other colourless Rhetoricians whom the French have taught themselves or regard as poets. But you cannot make a revolution or overthrow a tyrant with a paint-brush and a paint-pot. The influence of this work will, therefore, be exceedingly ephemeral. One will say, "What splendid declamation;" another, "What vivid description;" a third, "What a copious vocabulary." The multitude, however, with its deep heart and its eager eyes, will pass on unheeding and unstirred. Roused by the dawn to labour, and expending its sweat on the furrow and the loom, it has neither time nor taste to be amused with Dissolving Views.

LOUIS NAPOLEON need not have taken so much pains to exclude this bundle of fiery denunciations from France. It would have splashed and spluttered itself to pieces in the most harmless manner possible. It would have merely excited the inquiry, when the author intended to write a second *Notre Dame*? It would have been accepted as a proof that Romanticism, of which VICTOR HUGO has been the Chieftain, was not yet dead, and that there would still be employment for other tragedians besides RACHEL. In what a different strain would MICHELET, or PAUL LOUIS COURIER, or LAMENNAIS, have treated this theme! The first by a simple narrative, and without wandering into the region of speculation, or attempting any profound analysis of causes, would have kindled in our souls an enthusiasm of execration against LOUIS NAPOLEON a thousand times more ardent than if he had marshalled against him the subtlest reasoning, the most lavish and startling imagery, the most cutting epigrams, the most brilliant paradoxes, the most overwhelming oratorical enginery;—the second would have sent home the arrows of an inexorable logic on the wings of the richest humour, and the keenest wit;—and the third would have poured out the concentrated curses of his noble prophet nature. If you cannot pull down a sanguinary autocrat from his bad eminence, become the ISALAH of the Human Race and anathematize:—if you are not bold enough for this you will be performing a service scarcely less important if you anatomize, laying bare the sources of slavery and corruption:—if you are not skilful enough for this then be the Soldier of the Future, by being the Chronicler of the Past, for you help your brethren to disenfranchisement whenever you as a faithful historian honestly and plainly record the deeds of their oppressors. But to be historian, pamphleteer, prophet all in one, and this by a sudden wrench of the faculties, and without natural vocation to be any of all the three, is surely the maddest of mistakes. Yet, it is precisely VICTOR HUGO's in this ponderous piece of scolding. The book is one of Mrs. CAUDLE'S Lectures expanded into a prose Epic:—Mrs. CAUDLE Ossianized. It is the shrill shriek of a termagant through a War Trumpet. Now, what so tiresome, even when we ourselves are not the victims, as a sermon from a shrew? And, in truth, we must confess that *Napoleon the Little* is dull, dull as a Mrs. CAUDLE'S Lecture in a two or three hundred pages cannot fail to be. Twenty pages we could have stood with an effort of patience, but a dozen times as much is rather too large a dose. Traitor, liar, charlatan, hangman, robber, if a man is all these tell him so and have done with it;—but you only sink lower and lower in the mire of Billingsgate when you croak or howl those words six hours without stopping to take breath. Brief as it is fierce is wrath. Mount Etna is not for ever storming the stars with its explosions. A few lion roars that shatter the roots of the ocean and it shuts itself up once more in its grim abyss. Go on fuming with the force of fury if you wish to leave men cold or convince them that you are not sincere. When we begin this book then we share the rage of the author:—but when we get to the end of it our rage is only at the author, for he has irritated all our nerves with his monotonous bellowings. Now this does not arise from a more than usual indulgence of that enormous diffuseness to which VICTOR HUGO has ever been prone, nor from his passion for startling transitions and melodramatic effects, but from his desire, poor fellow, to snatch a few solid coins from an event that has been so disastrous to himself and to France. We pity the man of genius who in his sore exile stoops to quackeries so humiliating:—we pity him all the more if there are young and innocent beings clinging to his knees, and clamoring for bread. But if unwillingly driven to sink the Creator of immortal works in the dexterous hack, is he justified in assuming the attitude of a Censor and in marching up to smite the cheek of foremost villains? Can you be at the same time a Parisian Dilettante and a JOHN the Baptist? Scourge without mercy the monsters who trample through blood to a brutal reign over thirty or forty millions of unfortunate human creatures, if you have the courage, the inspiration, the chivalry for a feat so perilous. But if the

lash is to tell, or if the blows are to sound as a battle-call to the brave, keep your own hands pure, and your own brow unsullied. To what slender dimensions, however, would the patriotism of a HUGO and a LAMARTINE shrink if we rigidly tested it by a rule so stern, but so needful and salutary? Has not their later literary life been as much a trick as LOUIS NAPOLEON's statesmanship? Have they not degenerated from Poets and Teachers into the tawdriest phrasemongers? Do they not strut about in the tarnished tinsel of their former glory? Can rebuke therefore, or remonstrance, flow with becoming dignity or irresistible force from them? When they have fallen into the leprous mendicants of that Highest Art, Poetry, will the triumphal procession of a Despot be disturbed as it rushes past by their grinnings and jabberings from the tomb of their buried beauty, nobleness and fame? Physicians, heal yourselves! If Supreme Duty, God's representative on Earth, has been scoffed at by LOUIS NAPOLEON, and pushed by bayonets into the Waters of the Seine, have you been through weal and through woe its servants and its champions? Liberty is a divine fact and a thrilling word, the light, the hope, and the guardian of nations. But do not many show their love of liberty only by the extent of their reckless Latitudinarianism in regard to those holy laws, those unbending obligations which, while holding Society together, elevate it to the grandeur of a religious institution? And are not you, gentlemen, of that number? All honour to the Martyr! But, are you, VICTOR HUGO, a Martyr, either in the most literal or the most sacred sense of that word? If you were, would you in piling up your diatribes have so accumulated the Sensuous, that we lose sight of the Spiritual, through whose transfiguration of the Sensuous the latter alone has significance and moral energy? Would you have delayed every page with a shower of blood? Would you have given prominence only to what is physically disgusting, and atrocious in tyranny? You are the showman of a *Morgue*, not a lofty judge in the tribunal of the Human Conscience. Every paragraph you have written is marvellous as a display of power:—but it gapes with the gashes of foulest assassination.

Though we do not believe in the stability of LOUIS NAPOLEON's power, though we loathe the Man and his doings, yet we consider that his temporary success may be accounted for in a much simpler and more obvious fashion than would suit the ingenious persons who write prolix, pedantic books, to inform the world of what it would learn better from half-a-dozen pithy sentences. The first Revolution was a proclamation that France was no longer to be governed by men, but by ideas; the last was a proclamation that it was no longer to be governed by ideas, but by men. Both proclamations were needed; both were what the circumstances demanded. When men are worn out, you must have fresh ideas; when ideas are worn out, you must have fresh men. The government of LOUIS PHILIPPE fell, not because a king or his ministers had blundered, but because a system was exhausted. The Pedagogue GUIZOT, a man with no largeness of soul, no warmth of sympathy, no affluence of phantasy, no originality of mind, attempted to fix his Doctrinaire stamp on the forehead of every Frenchman. Dogmas, without reference to living realities, were to mould and impel the destiny of France. Was it wonderful that France sprang up in fierce and quick revolt? Never did it assert with such signal justice its Right of Insurrection. It resolved that whatever perished or whatever rose, Pedagogues in politics should flourish no more. LAMARTINE came; it grew tired of him sooner than of GUIZOT: he was a sentimental pedagogue, as GUIZOT had been a logical one. CAVAIGNAC succeeded; a man of antique virtue; a man admirably gifted; a man of iron intrepidity, and the purest, loftiest integrity, but narrow, and incapable of living, second identification with the national sentiment,—in short, a military pedagogue. And what did that Assembly of Representatives which LOUIS NAPOLEON swept remorselessly away mainly consist of?—Pedagogues; logical, sentimental, military, as it might be. What is Socialism, that new religion of France, but Pedagogues, Dogmatism? What, then, after all, did LOUIS NAPOLEON overthrow? What is he at present strangling the last quiverings of vitality out of?—Pedagogues. In this work a bad man perhaps answered the purpose of France better than a good man would have done, for a good man would have been hampered by a host of hesitations. But France owes NAPOLEON THE LITTLE no thanks for the boldness and address which he has displayed in a difficult enterprise, any more than we are grateful to rats for being scavengers. In all that he has done he has obeyed no instinct but his own selfishness,—he has sought no object but his own aggrandizement. His sole merit is that he had sufficient breadth to discern,—sufficient skill to adapt himself to an intense national conviction. France will by-and-by thrust him from her with as little scruple as she thrust out VICTOR HUGO and Company; for we do not keep scavengers and dustmen about our house

longer than we can help. The grand result is that henceforth in France the resurrection of Pedagogues is impossible. Never more will that mighty land be ruled by a Professor of Modern History. Journalism is naturally indignant. Journalism would fain be the only power in the state, and command at court, camp, and cottage, through its army of pedagogues. Vain wish! Delusive dream! The pen cannot take the place either of the sceptre or the sword. Look at those old Romans who, as they were unsurpassed in war, were also unsurpassed in statesmanship! Did they train themselves for famous and fulminating deeds by writing leading articles? In the best times of Rome was not the whole education of her children a discipline for action? Was not the Senate filled mainly with men who had gained their chief experience on the battle-field? But Monsieur GUIZOT arose, and, spitting in the face of the old Romans, proclaimed that, in order to be a statesman, you must first be a journalist and a professor. The echo to that proclamation was a rattle of musketry from the barricades that extinguished the Orleans dynasty. You may take a man from the plough, as CINCINNATUS was taken, and create him a Dictator, and he will be the Saviour of his country. You may summon him from the mart, where he is engaged in buying and selling like his fellows, and tell him that there are other labours in store for him, and he will be WASHINGTON, the Emancipator; CROMWELL, the sage ruler and the great general. But call him from the student's closet, and ask him to counsel and to govern, and he will shatter the machinery of the state to pieces, and let loose the wildest and maddest anarchies. You may be the better author from having had a share in the affairs of government, but you will not be the abler to treat the affairs of government from being an author,—all the contrary. Their work as statesmen was part of the preparation of DANTE and MACCHIAVELLI for the highest rank in literature. But the very eminence which DISRAELI and BULWER have reached in literature mark their unfitness for political action, though it does not hinder them from dabbles in intrigue, or making dashing speeches.

The hatred of the Emperor NAPOLEON for those whom he called Ideologists, was a feeling with which we have the thorough accordance. He knew that the work of men must be done by men, and not by whimpering, wheezing scholars. No human being can lead an age or a country, or even change them. The most gifted, the most godlike, of our race is simply the embodiment, the instrument of a universal inspiration. Persia had been dying for generations—was dead—when ALEXANDER the Macedonian, at the head of a united and enthusiastic Greece, and girt round with the mountaineers of his native land, crossed the Hellespont and flashed on the world his miraculous conquests. We seek not to depreciate his achievements, but Greece would have inevitably rolled itself into the heart of Asia without him; for there were long arrears of vengeance due, and the spirit of conquest was in league with the yearning for retribution. How little has the gigantic development of Russia owed to the influence of culminating individuals! Under bad government and under good, it has alike marched on resistless to its objects. For a hundred and fifty years how grand and how astounding has the path of England been! How little, however, during that time, has she been indebted for her glory and progress to the superior genius or wisdom of her rulers, and how much has she been indebted to the character of her people! How evanescent was the trace which Greece left of her glory in the East! How transitory was even the impress of Rome's majestic will on the different nations of Italy whom she had one after another subdued, whom she had incorporated with herself, and to whom she had given her institutions and her laws! How quickly were the reforms of a benevolent JOSEPH the Second of Austria trodden out of sight! The unfolding of Humanity, therefore, evidently corresponds to, obeys no theories of ours. The second warmth, the energetic movement of the life, mould the mechanism, while the mechanism does not affect in one smallest degree the life. Scholars, as such, are prone to believe the very opposite of this, and, consequently, they are unsuited for the vocation of Statesmen. They place all their reliance on some nice new scheme of a constitution, instead of watching the expansion of vigorous, fertile vitalities, and co-ordinating them into organic, victorious facts. Yet this is precisely what men of the LOUIS NAPOLEON stamp find it so easy to do; and what CATILINE, if he had succeeded, would have found it no more difficult to do than CÆSAR. The fate of JOHN DE WITT proves that a man may be too noble for a Statesman. A Statesman cannot resist a nation, and he can only go a few steps in advance of it, if he is to remain at the head of its affairs. PERICLES, the most brilliant ruler that the earth has ever seen, had no state secrets—no cunning devices for maintaining his supremacy. It was because he was the most Athenian of Athenians that Athens bowed gladly to his sway.

The duties of a patriot, of a prophet, of a moral reformer, of a religious reformer, of all the divine teachers of mankind, remain unaffected by the moral growth and the moral decline of a people. They have to set forth the everlasting principles of Right, which can no more change than the Being of God. But a nation is a thing of passion, of emotion, of prejudice, of caprice; weak sometimes as a child and at other moments fierce as a wild beast. Can, then, a man of pure reason serve as its guide? Can there be a more flagrant absurdity in its eyes than a philosopher on a throne? For a philosopher cannot be that animal so varying in its mood, so contradictory in its character which it is itself. All mighty statesmen have thus really been varying in mood, contradictory in character. It is a mistake to suppose that in their solitary thoughts, in the privacy of their own minds, they have been immensely exalted above popular errors. The root of their strength was their profound participation of those errors. For instance, though in all periods of Roman history Religion was regarded by the Roman Aristocracy and Roman Rulers purely as a State Machine, it would be wrong to conclude that they did not feel as much as the humbler classes its power as Religion. Though nearly every persecution to which the Christians were subjected during the three first centuries was motivated mainly by political considerations, yet so far as it originated in religious antipathy, this was shared by the Emperors as much as by the most ignorant person in their dominions. The bigotry which led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes burned as darkly in the bosom of LOUIS the Fourteenth as in the cruel brain of the most fanatical priest. What enabled PERE to soar above all modern English Statesmen? Less his surpassing talent than his intense nationality, by which we mean that he signally typified the English character in its diversified features, its lights and shadows, its defects and its excellences. And in a lesser measure this was what secured for the Duke of WELLINGTON such deep and lasting esteem and admiration. We are not pleading now for expediency, for compromise. We think that too high an Ideal of Virtue, of Honour, of Truth cannot be exhibited to our fellow-creatures. But we aver that when a man enters on political action he bids for ever farewell to virgin innocence of soul, he must shut up the Holy of Holies in his breast, and dwell thenceforth in a more vulgar region. LOUIS NAPOLEON, therefore, tested by a political standard, has merely erred in what he has done that was unnecessary. His mission being to abolish Pedagogues, it was unavoidable that he should kick the National Assembly out of his way; it was equally unavoidable that he should lean for strength on the army. We are persuaded that his hatred of a prevalent Pedagogues was really sincere, and that he saw what France saw, that it could only be got rid of in a summary, arbitrary mode. His downfall will not come from the daring and the despatch which he displayed in realizing a universal longing. But having cut many savage and indecent capers in the Realm of the Unnecessary, and having tried his hand lately at a Pedagogues of his own, he must ere long be sent with howls of execration to keep company with VICTOR HUGO and the other pedagogues who now denounce him.

ATTICUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, Countess de Monbrison. Edited by her Grandson, the Count de MONBRISON. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1852.

If these volumes have no other valuable quality to recommend them to public attention, they have at least this—they give one of the most perfect insights, within the scope of general reading, into the system of the old régime, and the less familiar, but not less interesting, etiquette practised at the petty courts of the German Principalities.

The old régime! Surely that is a subject by this time a little exhausted. Know we not all that can be said of LA VALLIÈRE and her repentance, of DUBARRY, and her shame? The pruderries of DE MAINTENON, the *grands et petits levées* of the Great Louis, the debaucheries of his successor, PARC AU CERFS, the fair PARABERE, the sisters MESLIQUIN, and the superb POMPADOUR; come they not to us in the familiar manner of thrice-told tales? Have not a vast library of *Memoirs* and *Correspondences*, and *Amours* and *pétites histoires* furnished us with more material to build up an accurate knowledge of these matters than, probably, we possess respecting any given period of our own history? The glories of Versailles, too, under the mild, but weak-minded LOUIS XVI. (excellent locksmith, but misguided king!) and his proud, but beautiful helpmate, have they not been handed down to us even to the last iota of their pomp and ceremony? Perhaps they

have. But as events, like prospects, have a different aspect when observed from different points of view, it is possible that some new mind may lay these matters again before us, even clothed, so to speak, with the charm of novelty.

HENRIETTA LOUISA, Baroness d'Oberkirch, née de Freundstein, was born on the 5th of June, 1754, in the castle of Schweighausen, in Upper Alsace. Her father was FRANCIS LEWIS, Baron de Waldner de Freundstein, and her mother was a DE BEREKHEIM, of the branch of Ribécaville, —one of the most illustrious families in the province. We are particular in specifying these facts, because Madame d'OBERKIRCH evidently attached the very greatest importance to them, and enumerates with an amusing minuteness the honours and genealogy of her family. "When," says she, "one is fully convinced of the greatness of one's ancestors, one would blush to degenerate from them. Never was adage more true than that: *noblesse oblige* (nobility ennobles);" and soon after, inspired by an intoxicating digression into the braveries of a crusading ancestor, she indulges in the following affecting aspiration:—"I ask in my son-in-law, if Providence should send me one, only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that." In these words are to be found the key-note of the whole book; here is the prevailing tone of Madame d'OBERKIRCH's mind. Born in a petty province dependant upon the French Crown, of a race thoroughly imbued with that *esprit de famille* which has ever been so monstrously exaggerated among the old French nobility and that of the German empire, early brought under the influence of the sham court kept up in Alsace by the Montbéliard family; Madame d'OBERKIRCH is every inch an aristocrat and a courtier; an aristocrat, too, of that hopeless incurable sort which is much easier imagined than described, but of whose state of mind some idea may be gathered from the following amiable declaration, — in which she indulges *à propos* of a complimentary letter received from the famous WIELAND, the friend of GOETHE:

I have always admired *persons of genius*; and had I possessed a larger fortune, I would have willingly played the part of Macenas. I have, however, as far as was in my power, sought out *persons of talent*, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs.

The italics are, of course, our own.

Our little courtier was only fifteen years of age when she made her *début* at the court of the Prince of MONTBÉLIARD. As this august family occupies the chief position in the Memoirs of the Baroness, and, indirectly at least, played no unimportant part in the history of Europe, a few words concerning it will not be misplaced. The Comté de MONTBÉLIARD belonged to the reigning branch of the house of Wurtemberg, Stuttgart; CHARLES EUGENE, the reigning duke, kept, at that time, a court at Stuttgart which, for luxury and splendour, had no rival throughout Germany; and his younger brother, Prince FREDERICK EUGENE, followed his example, in humbler style, at Montbéliard. This prince had eight children by his wife, the princess FREDERICA DOROTHEA SOPHIA, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Schwedt,—five sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter, the Princess DOROTHEA, one of the principal characters in the Memoirs of the Baroness, afterwards became the wife of PAUL PETROWITZ, Grand-Duke of Russia, son and heir to the great CATHERINE II., justly termed the Semiramis of the North. With this princess Madame d'OBERKIRCH appears to have cemented the firmest friendship throughout life, an achievement of which she is not a little proud; for never does she write with such evident satisfaction and inward gratulation as when she finds something to relate about "my dear princess," "my adored grand-duchess." The other sisters made brilliant marriages in their turn, but not such as to attract more than an average amount of admiration from Madame d'OBERKIRCH; the second, Princess FREDERICA, married the Coadjutor of Lubeck, and the youngest, Princess ELIZABETH, only became Grand-Duchess of Tuscany.

The Baroness records that on the day fixed for her first visit to this petty court, her impatience to set out was so great that she could not remain quietly in one place, after she "had put on a dress of pink *gros de Tour*, brocaded with flowers in their natural colours, and trimmed with silvered ribbon." On her road thither, she received a very severe drilling into the etiquette of the court, so that on entering the chateau, the poor girl was so flustered that she scarcely knew what she was about. The august family received her

however with astonishing cordiality for such high and mighty people; and when the little Princess DOROTHEA affectionately threw her arms around the neck of her new friend, causing thereby much trepidation in the heart of the Baron DE FREUNDSTEIN, the Duke, her father, was pleased urbanely to remark—"This is not Versailles, Baron, and I have not the least objection that your daughter should embrace mine."

From this time forward the Baroness seems to have been in constant association with the Montbéliard family, and it was in their company, and principally through their introduction, that she mixed with all the great people of whom she talks so graphically in her memoirs.

About this time, the Dauphiness, MARIE ANTOINETTE, passed through Strasburg, on her arrival into France. The anecdotes and ceremonials of this reception have been so often and so fully given elsewhere, especially in the *Autobiography of Goethe*, who was in Strasburg at the time, that it would be quite needless to recapitulate them here. Suffice it to say that the Baroness enjoyed the honour of being presented to the Dauphiness, a distinction which, as may be imagined, she appreciated keenly. In speaking of this union between the crowns of France and Austria, the Baroness mentions a circumstance which proves that the etiquette respecting royal marriages is not always so tedious as might be imagined. On the 16th of April, 1770, M. DUFFORT negotiated the marriage on behalf of the Dauphin. On the 17th, the future Dauphiness solemnly renounced all claims, paternal as well as maternal. On the 19th, the ceremony was performed in the Augustinian convent, the Archduke FERDINAND representing the Dauphin; and on the 21st, MARIE ANTOINETTE left Vienna on her road to join her husband.

In the same year (1776) another marriage was negotiated, which touched the Baroness more nearly—her own. M. d'OBERKIRCH appears to have satisfied all her requirements on the score of lineage, for his family dated back to the Crusades. As to his person, she says that it "was handsome, though not remarkably so. He was talked of in Strasburg as a model of perfect elegance, and it may be said that he led the fashion there, though he was forty years of age." With such a husband, the Baroness could not fail to be happy. He appears to have allowed her very much her own way; and as Mme. d'OBERKIRCH behaved towards him as a good and faithful wife ought to behave, was only moderately expensive, went through the ceremony of asking his permission whenever she required any liberty, and was not at all given to the French school of gallantry, they appear to have made a most exemplary couple.

This same year appears to have been quite the year for marriages. In the month of August, the Baroness's dearly beloved princess, DOROTHEA, was married to the future Czar of all the Russias. Before, however, the ceremony could be completed, it was necessary that the bride should embrace the religion of the Greek church, the established church of Russia; and upon this the Baroness makes the following very naïve comment:

State reasons are often very severe, and one needs a great deal of courage to submit to them with a good grace. The princess Dorothea, on marrying the Grand-Duke, was obliged to embrace the Greek religion, and was re-baptized as Marie Foederowna, as every one knows. She must have felt this very deeply; she who was so attached to our holy religion, and so sincerely devoted to her duty. I bewailed this circumstance in the depth of my soul; but it was of unavoidable necessity, and God will, I hope, call her to the truth before the close of her life, spite of her left-handed sign of the cross, and her worship of images.

During the year 1778, the Emperor JOSEPH of Austria travelled over the continent, under the assumed name of the Count FALKENSTEIN. When it was known that he intended passing through Stuttgart, the Duke of WURTEMBERG wrote to the Emperor, offering him the use of his palace, which, however, his Majesty declined, saying that he would prefer going to an hotel. Upon this, the Duke of WURTEMBERG had recourse to the following stratagem:—

He ordered all the hotel-keepers of the city to renew their signs, and placed over the door of his palace an enormous board, emblazoned with the Austrian arms, and having these words beneath—"THE EMPEROR'S HOTEL." Joseph yielded to the touching ingenuity of Duke Charles, and entering into the spirit of the jest, alighted at the palace as if it were an hotel. The Duke received him dressed as an hotel-keeper, and

played his part extremely well. Everybody at the court, no matter of what rank, supported some character or other suitable to the occasion. The Emperor was delighted. The following day they all laid aside their masquerading dresses, and the festivities commenced in reality.

The Emperor JOSEPH appears to have been a man of very simple, but sensible, character. His dress was so plain, that, when in Paris, a fisherwoman presenting him with a bouquet, said—"the people who have to pay for the lace on your coat ought to be very happy, M. Count." When a nobleman remarked to him one day that he mixed too much with people in the public streets—"If I would only mix with my equals," said he, "I should shut myself up with my ancestors in the Capuchin Convent, where their ashes repose."

In spite, however, of this philosophic turn of mind, he refused to visit VOLTAIRE, who had made great preparations at Ferney to receive him. The Emperor evidently smelt this academic scéance, and passed on, although his carriage almost touched the terrace of the chateau. In vain did the postillions, who had been bribed by the old philosopher, repeat at every crack of their whips,—“that is the chateau of Ferney—there is M. VOLTAIRE.” The Emperor would not hear, and looked steadfastly in the opposite direction. Poor VOLTAIRE was inconsolable for this, and invented a thousand stories to avert the laugh naturally raised against him.

At the palace of the Cardinal DE ROHAN, at Strasburg, the Baroness had an opportunity of observing the famous charlatan CAGLIOSTRO, who was at that time laying the foundation of that baleful influence which he succeeded in establishing over the mind of that unfortunate, but weak-minded prelate. Prince LOUIS DE ROHAN, afterwards Grand Almoner of France, succeeded to the estate and dignities of his uncle, the Cardinal CONSTANTINE, in 1779. His estates were enormous, and he was, doubtless, the wealthiest prelate in Europe. CAGLIOSTRO was at that time at the zenith of his fame. He was travelling about Europe, pretending to cure all sorts of maladies, for which he constantly refused to receive any fee: on the contrary, he was in the habit of distributing immense sums of money among the poor. At the period of his meeting with Mme. d'OBERKIRCH, he was making use of the most extraordinary artifices to attract public notice; among others, it may be cited that he never slept in a bed, and ate nothing but cheese. The impression produced upon Mme. d'OBERKIRCH by this person is very creditable to her good sense and power of penetrating deception.

He was not, strictly speaking, handsome, but never have I seen a more remarkable countenance. His glance was so penetrating, that one would be almost tempted to call it supernatural. I could not describe the expression of his eyes, it was, so to say, a mixture of flame and ice. He attracted and repulsed, and whilst he terrified, inspired an insurmountable curiosity. He wore, attached to his watch-chain, and upon his fingers, diamonds which, if they were what they appeared, would be worth a king's ransom. He pretended that they were his own manufacture. All this frippery revealed unmistakably the charlatan.

Directly CAGLIOSTRO found himself in the company of the baroness, he began to stare at her, and said abruptly:—"Madame, your mother no longer lives; you have scarcely known her, and you have one daughter. You are the only daughter of your family, and you will have no more children." So far as the past was concerned all this was so; and, after some hesitation, Mme. d'OBERKIRCH confessed it. "And I am as little mistaken in what concerns the future," replied CAGLIOSTRO. The charlatan apparently made very strenuous endeavours to enrol Mme. d'OBERKIRCH among the list of his admirers; but she very speedily saw through his object in doing this, which was to attain, through her means, some access to the Grand-Duchess of Russia, with whom he knew that she was intimate. Owing, therefore, to her penetration, the plan utterly failed; she seems never to have been deceived for an instant as to the true character of this, the most astute of modern impostors; and the Cardinal de ROHAN would have done well, had he listened in time to her warning voice, instead of suffering CAGLIOSTRO to lead him from depth to depth until he became finally involved in that shameful intrigue now known as the *diamond necklace affair*. Speaking of the manner in which she saw through his arts, she says, modestly yet philosophically:

The plan was not badly conceived, but it failed before

the strength of my will—I do not say of my reason, that would have been insufficient; nor do I say my conviction, for I felt it shaken. It is certain that had I yielded to my admiration for the marvellous, I, too, might have become the dupe of this sharper. There are so many charms in the mysterious, there is so much *éclat* attached to astrological studies, and to the occult sciences.

Many who, in these days, are wont to run gaping after mysterious novelties, will do well to ponder deeply over these wise but feminine words of the Baroness d'OVERKIRCH.

A passing disquisition upon the noble Chapter of Remirement, is full of interest, inasmuch as it throws a light upon those strange associations, half secular and half religious, into which the highborn ladies of France and the German Empire used then to band themselves. The Chapter of St. Pierre de Remirement was situated in the diocese of St. Dié, and was supposed to have been founded by St. ROMARIC in A.D., 620. The canonesses did not make vows, they might return to the world, and even marry. Each had the right of choosing a successor, who, during her term of minority, was called a *lady-niece*. It was necessary, however, for every candidate to prove a noble descent, both by father and mother, of nine generations, or two hundred and twenty-five years. The ladies lived in great pomp, and had great authority. Amongst the prerogatives of the Abbess, the most valuable was that of setting free, on certain days, all the prisoners in the Conciergerie. Respecting the liberties enjoyed by these ladies, Mme. d'OVERKIRCH discreetly says:

Ladies of the highest rank, both French and foreigners, ambitious the honour of being admitted into this house, which offers so many attractions; *its inhabitants enjoying the liberty of married women without the incubance of a husband, who may torment and contradict them.* I will not become the echo of the reports and accusations which have been so often made against the chapters. Perfection cannot be expected in human institutions; all have their share of good and evil.

(To be continued.)

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited By ROBERT CHAMBERS. 4 vols. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1852.

THERE are few living Scotchmen who can be compared to Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS for affectionate assiduity of research into the social and literary history of his and their native country since its union with its richer and more powerful neighbour; witness a long series of such performances, as the *History of the Rebellion of '45*, and the *Traditions of Edinburgh*. Nor was it well possible that a person so occupied could have failed to investigate the career of ROBERT BURNS, himself a most memorable figure in the Scotland of the eighteenth century, and whose biography, half glorious, half mournful, has cast a dim poetic light on the obscure regions of social life and obscure years of national existence in which it was doomed to be transacted. Accordingly, neither as "Life" nor as "Works," are the present volumes to be regarded as by any means Mr. CHAMBERS' first contribution to what, in Continental phrase, may be termed "Burns-literature." Through a variety of channels, Mr. CHAMBERS has already communicated to the public the results of a variety of researches into the biography of BURNS; and, as an editor of the poet's works, he long ago distinguished himself by the publication of *The People's Edition of Burns*, which was enriched not merely by many new original pieces of the poet's but by biographical notes of the editor's, giving, in a condensed form, whatever of most curious and valuable had been brought to light in the course of those earlier inquiries. The volumes before us contain almost every line that has been preserved of BURNS' own, and perhaps every fact of the slightest import that has been recorded respecting him, his associates, and his circumstances. BURNS' poems and letters (including those to CLARINDA, from the authorized edition), arranged in strict chronological order, are the prime materials of the work; and Mr. CHAMBERS' connecting biographical narrative, and instructive subsidiary appendices, elucidate them, their author, and their authorship. A sleepless editorial industry has succeeded in discovering many new pieces and letters of the poet's, not printed even in "The People's Edition;" among the former, a number of hitherto unpublished stanzas from the first draught of the beautiful poem, "The Vision." Instead, too, of a meagre glossary at the end of

the work, each Scottish word or phrase, unintelligible, or hardly intelligible to the Southron, has its English equivalent in the margin, or a fuller explanation in a foot note, an improved arrangement which shows its advantages on its face. Altogether, the present may be confidently pronounced, from a bibliographical point of view, to be the edition of BURNS. A biographical industry, not less sleepless than the editorial, has collected from far and near, all old facts respecting BURNS' life; not merely from professed biographies, but from fugitive sketches and anecdotal papers, deep-buried in forgotten numbers of newspapers and magazines. The new facts, again, are very numerous, and many of them valuable, gathered from the lips of BURNS' sister, from local tradition, from communications of acquaintances and friends of the poet's; and the whole is conveyed in a pleasant, easy, lively style, which is occasionally suspended for the introduction of some more elaborate sketch of Scottish life or scenery, or for some grave passage of generalizing and moralizing reflection, such as the life of BURNS so often gives occasion for. Here certainly we miss the qualities which mark some of BURNS' other critics, commentators, and biographers—the severe dignity of WORDSWORTH, the vivid energy of LOCKHART, the softly-glowing softly-flowing geniality of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, CARLYLE's lofty, and WILSON's bursting eloquence; but, having regard to its spirit, we must pronounce Mr. CHAMBERS' biographical treatment to be not only excellent, but admirable. Friendly without indulgence, moral without prudery, he neither patronizes nor panegyrizes his hero; and, on some questions of real difficulty and complicity, he seems to us to display a delicacy of judgment which leaves all former biographers behind him.

Of the earlier portion of the poet's life, that which precedes the publication of his poems, and his departure to Edinburgh to be illuminated in "a blaze of triumph," Mr. CHAMBERS has some new and interesting facts, gleaned chiefly from the lips of the poet's youngest sister, Mrs. BEGG. Among these, is the circumstance, trifling yet pleasing, told respecting the farmhouse at Moss-gill, and its upper room, where the poet and his brother slept "with a little deal table, in which there was a drawer," where ROBERT deposited his verses, and which, when he had left the house for the labours of the field, his sisters would steal up to and search, delighted if they could find some new scrap of poetry! His noble and venerable father, too, as we here learn for the first time, read and admired some of ROBERT's early poems, such as the song "My Nannie O," admiration mixed, however, with misgiving. Mr. CHAMBERS gives, on the authority of Mrs. BEGG, a deeply pathetic account of the death of the rustic hero, broken down by disease and thankless toil. His children were collected round him, and among his dying words were some that hinted there was one present for whose future life he feared. "Oh! Father; is it me you mean," asked the future poet. When his father replied, "Yes," ROBERT moved away towards the window, and "burst into tears." Were it not that so much has been published that tells against the poet, this little incident is perhaps too sacred for print.

There is one region of BURNS' biography which Mr. CHAMBERS has explored with a zeal and care that surprises in so staid an instructor of the public—we mean the region of BURNS' love, from his lightest flirtation up to his intensest "passion." The various *belles*, humble and high, who flit brightly through BURNS' life, have had a more careful remembrance from his biographer than they ever had from himself; and if Mr. CHAMBERS ever seems disposed to be angry with his hero, it is when the latter pours himself forth in passionate exclamations one moment, and talks of a "ci-devant goddess" the next. The early divinities of the tender-hearted bard, from the "charming fillette," who disturbed his geometry at Kirkoswald, to Highland Mary, stand forth in Mr. CHAMBERS' page as they lived and looked; and for his care in this respect, at least, he will be thanked by all Scottish maidens who admire BURNS. The episode of Highland Mary, in particular, which has hitherto been involved in an obscurity that Dr. CURRIE refused to dispel, is told by Mr. CHAMBERS with scientific accuracy, so scientific as almost to be painful. Perhaps the pleasantest of all the incidents recorded by Mr. CHAMBERS from this department of BURNS' history is his first acquaintance with the "bonny Jean," who was destined to bring as well as to

"banish care." That is a charming page which tells of the rustic penny ball, where BURNS first met and danced with his Jean, sadly impeded in his movements by his dog, which had followed him into the room, and persisted in dancing attendance at his heels. BURNS expressed a wish that "some lassie" would love him as his dog did. A day or two after, while JEAN, Nausicaa-like, was drying clothes, BURNS passed with the same dog, which began frisking on the clean linen. JEAN called to its master to fetch it off, and asked him whether he had yet found "the lassie." Hence those tears, which at last, however, ceased to flow!

BURNS' visit to Edinburgh, when, as it were, he dawned and culminated at once, is the event of his life which was most closely and curiously scanned by those who could record it in a literary way; and few of his biographers have had reason to complain of want of information respecting it. Yet even here, and on matters where it was least to be expected, a new anecdote or two has been discovered by Mr. CHAMBERS. Sir WALTER SCOTT, in the well-known passage communicated by him to Mr. LOCKHART, has described his one and only meeting, when a boy, with BURNS, at the house of a young friend's father. Everybody remembers SCOTT's description of the picture of distress which hung upon the wall of the room, BURNS reading and being affected by the lines beneath it; and on his inquiry respecting their authorship, that the young SCOTT was the only person of the party who could give the wished-for information. SCOTT merely remarks that the poet rewarded him with a nod; but Mr. CHAMBERS records, on good authority, that BURNS added—"You will be a man yet, Sir;" an anecdote which everybody would wish to be true. Nor is that a bad story which "the late Mr. JOHN MOIR," an Edinburgh printer, used to tell, of a rustic-looking man who came one day into his office, and asked him to undertake the printing of a volume of poems. Judging him merely by his appearance, MOIR could scarcely give him a civil hearing; and could not forgive himself when shortly afterwards he heard that his visitor had been ROBERT BURNS. However, the surly printer was well punished; for he accepted the poetry of the next rustic that called, and lost a good sum of money by it.

When "the blaze of triumph" was fairly over, and BURNS, after long and sensible consideration, decided on trying his excise and farm scheme, there were not wanting many who sneered at the enterprise; and even the friendly ALLAN CUNNINGHAM institutes some invidious inquiries into the poet's management of his farm, and charges upon that the failure of the agricultural portion of the project. Mr. CHAMBERS (careful chronicler though he be of BURNS' love affairs,) keeps a sharp eye to the minutest details of his hero's practical proceedings, and on this, as in almost every other case, gives a verdict in favour of the poet as a shrewd and diligent man of business. And one of the most serious charges made against BURNS after his subsequent removal at Dumfries—that founded on his present of cannon to the French Assembly, a charge indorsed, and strongly indorsed, even by Mr. LOCKHART, has been proved by Mr. CHAMBERS, on a careful examination of dates, to have a great probability of being undeserved. How cautious and prudent for the most part BURNS was in his public capacity as a citizen and a servant of the Government, is amply proved by the curious anecdote which Mr. CHAMBERS has recovered of his presentation of *Delphine* on the *English Constitution* to a library at Dumfries, early in the course of his residence there. He had written on the fly leaf the simple and innocent words: "Mr. BURNS presents this book to the library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty—until they find a better," and had sent it with three other books as a gift to the library. "Early in the morning," says Mr. CHAMBERS, "after *Delphine* had been presented, BURNS came to Mr. THOMSON's bedside before he was up, anxiously desiring to see the volume, as he feared he had written something upon it" which might bring him into trouble. On the volume being shown to him, he looked at the inscription which he had written upon it the previous night, and having procured some paste, he pasted over it the fly leaf, in such a way as completely to conceal it. To think, adds Mr. CHAMBERS, of this happening in the same month with the writing of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Nor can there be any doubt that it was similar caution and prudence which led him to decline PERRY's offer of an engagement on *The Morning Chronicle*; a refusal which has been

much and variously commented on, and which Mr. CHAMBERS, we think, ascribes to the proper cause.

It is not, however, from isolated anecdotes and incidents, fit from their striking novelty for extraction or repetition, that the value of Mr. CHAMBERS' biographical narrative can be best estimated; it must be read and scanned as a whole. If, as we said before, we miss the brilliancy and eloquence of other of BURNS' critics, Mr. CHAMBERS' narrative has qualities that they want: his is not the impassioned *plaidoyer* of the advocate, but the calm and careful summing up of a judge who accurately details the chief and most telling portions of the evidence. As our readers may have already guessed, Mr. CHAMBERS' verdict is favourable to BURNS, much more so than might have been expected. And perhaps the severest passage in the book is the following one, which almost closes it:

Thomas Carlyle, after writing most generously of Burns, has been carried so far in his ardent admiration as to say that no other man was so well entitled to be at the head of the public affairs of his day, as if his being so peculiarly a man of talent fitted him above all rivalry for that eminent station. There could not be a greater mistake, for how could a man who was unable to exercise a control upon his own passions in the simplest things have ever been able to exercise the control upon himself and others which is necessary in the great statesman? The general abilities of Burns were no doubt extraordinary; but it is perfectly clear that the poetical temperament ruled in his nature. He was impressionable, irritable, capricious. Whatever he did that was brilliant, he did under impulse. He only reflected when it was too late. Minds like his have their own mission; but it is not to sway great democracies. It is to touch the souls of men, &c. &c.

There are here a question of fact and a question of logic; and, with all deference to Mr. CHAMBERS, we disagree with him on both. When Mr. CHAMBERS says that BURNS "was unable to exercise a control upon his own passions in the simplest things," if we venture to contradict the biographer, it is on the authority of his own narrative, almost every page of which goes to contradict himself. Does the man who, conscious of his own superiority, with his faculties enfolded and his imagination kindled by education and poetry, at the age, too, when the passions awakened with the greatest force, and with abundance of temptation to attract him—does the Scottish peasant who, under these circumstances, not merely bore with virtuous submission, but converted into one of cheerful gaiety, a life which combined the "ceaseless toil of the galley-slave and the gloom of the hermit"—does he deserve the charge of "being unable to exercise a control upon his own passions in the simplest things." Need we point to his diligence in later years, as a farmer and an exciseman, and the general steadiness of his walk and conversation as a citizen? No, for no one has painted them more admirably than Mr. CHAMBERS; no one has traced so truly and clearly his occasional aberrations to his false and falsifying position in society, and his perilous relation to his fellows. Yet even granting that the passage quoted were correct as an exposition of BURNS' character, there would still be something to be said on the other side. The statesman of 1792 is a very different person from him of 1852, just as the jovial Dumfries of the one year differs from the decorous Dumfries of the other—and as BURNS, if he were reaching maturity to-day, would be different from the BURNS of that peculiar epoch. Was BURNS, even as he stands in the passage quoted, more unfit to be a statesman than CHARLES JAMES FOX, or than MIRABEAU? Surely he would be a rash man who should answer "Yes."

RELIGION.

SUMMARY.

THE MESSRS. CLARK, of Edinburgh, have published the second volume of *Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Revelation*, being Vol. XXVI. of "The Foreign Theological Library." This admirable series has long commanded the attention of Biblical and Theological students, and richly deserves all the favour that has been shown to it, comprising, as it does, the works of the most eminent orthodox German Divines, in Biblical Criticism and Hermeneutics, and Biblical and Ecclesiastical History. Already it embraces "*Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Psalms*;" "*Hagenbach's Compendium of the History of*

Doctrines;" "*Gieseler's Compendium of Ecclesiastical History*;" "*Olshausen's Commentaries on the Gospels, Acts, Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians and Thessalonians*;" "*Hävernick's Introduction to the Pentateuch*;" "*Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Revelation*;" and "*Wiesinger's Commentary on Philippians, Titus, and First Timothy*;" besides the great Neander's "*General Church History*," in eight volumes, completing that work, so far as it was published during its author's life-time, viz. to A.D. 1294. These several works, all ably translated, are now placed at the reader's disposal, at a comparatively low price, and are to be followed shortly by a translation of Dr. Julius Müller's work "On the Doctrine of Sin," and Bengel's "*Gnomon*." It augurs well for the progress of sound theological learning in this country to find such works as these already naturalized among us. Time was, and that not many years ago, when the theology of modern Germany found small favour from English Divines, and it were curious to trace the process by which the opposite result has been arrived at. This, however, would lead us too far at present. Theology, in fact, we now find to be cultivated as a science in Germany, which can scarcely be said to have been the case with us, and we are wise in resolving, however late, to avail ourselves of the learning, industry and acumen of our German neighbours.—Passing on to some of our own home-grown material, we have to notice *A New Translation of Genesis*, by the Rev. JOHN JERVIS-WHITE JERVIS, which bears considerable marks of scholarship, but is calculated to shock the reader at a first view, and lay its author open to a charge of pedantry, by its strange metamorphosis of such familiar names and words as Jehovah, Abraham, Sodom, Gomorrah, Hagar, Jacob and Rebecca, into Yahweh, Abh-rauham, Sedhóm, Ghamórah, Haughaur, Yáákobh and Ribhkauih.—*Thou art Peter: a Discourse on Popal Infallibility*, &c., by Professor LEE, of Edinburgh, is a very able attack on Popery, from a Presbyterian point of view, in which the writer takes occasion to aim some severe side-blows at Episcopacy as well, and especially at the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, as professed by many members of the Church of England.—*Biblical Topography*, by the Rev. SAMUEL RANSOM, is a work that, from its intrinsic excellence ought, before this time, to have reached a second edition, but we are glad to see that, though late, the author has had this justice rendered to him. He is favourably known among our Nonconformist brethren as Classical and Hebrew Tutor in the Hackney Theological Seminary, one of the oldest of the Orthodox Dissenters' Colleges.—*The Christian's Hope in Death: a Series of Sermons on the Burial Service of the Church of England*, by the late Rev. J. ENDELL TYLER, Rector of Saint Giles's, is a devotional work, abounding in serious reflections, and being a posthumous publication following hard upon its author's decease, is calculated to address itself warmly to the hearts of his former hearers, by whom he was much loved and respected. The late Mr. TYLER, as our readers are aware, had earned for himself some notice by his publications in the Roman Catholic controversy, as also by a Life of Henry V., which displayed much learning and research.—Of works of a devotional character we have also to mention *A Guide to Infirm, Sick and Dying Members of the Church of England*, by the Rev. HENRY STRETTON. Its author, we believe, is of the Tractarian School, so called (at least we are led to think so from the publisher's name, Joseph Masters), but were we allowed to indulge in quotations we could present our readers with such passages from it, as would be hailed with delight by Christians of whatever party or denomination.—A new work, *The Saints our Example*, by the Authoress of "*Letters on Happiness*," "*Letters to my unknown Friends*," "*Discipline*" and other works, affords an additional illustration of the fact that when a woman begins to write she does not know when to leave off. In the present case, if asked our advice as to the time when we should answer with Cato in the matter of young men and matrimony, Not yet! Far, indeed, from us be the time when we shall cease to be instructed and delighted by the pure morals, elevated sentiments and graceful diction of the writer of "*Letters to my unknown Friends*!"—We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned before this the recent volume of "*Bohu's Standard Library*," containing an admirable translation, by J. E. RYLAND, of *Neander's Memorials of Christian Life in the Early and Middle*

Ages, &c. And which by its cheapness contrasts favourably with the re-issue of "*Walton's Lives*," published by Henry Kent Causton. We have just seen the first number of the latter publication, charged at two shillings, to be followed by five other numbers, each at the same price, and are really quite at a loss to know what may be the reason of such an excessive charge, in these days of cheap booksellers, especially as the work before us has nothing particular to recommend it either by the fineness of the paper or the typography. *The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic*, published anonymously, is from the pen of the Rev. HENRY ROGERS, as we have been informed. Mr. ROGERS, we believe, is a Dissenting Minister at Birmingham, and author of several essays in *The Edinburgh Review*, some of which have been since published in a collective form. He also wrote a work some two years ago, entitled "*Reason and Faith*," which we have not yet seen, although we have heard it well spoken of.—We are glad not to be obliged to plead similar ignorance of a little publication of the Rev. J. P. MURSELL, of Leicester, also a Dissenting Minister, entitled *A Discourse on the Christian Ministry, delivered before the Students and Supporters of Horton College, Bradford, Yorkshire*, which is distinguished by a high tone of religious and moral feeling, clothed in very elegant and appropriate language.

Of forthcoming works, we have heard that it is likely the University of Oxford will undertake the publication of the new edition of Bingham's "*Antiquities of the Christian Church*," which we announced some time since as being in preparation by the author's great-great-grandson. The present Mr. Bingham is an able scholar, and having spent many years in revising this new edition of his ancestor's famous work, the University will do well to bring his labours before the public in the most creditable and complete manner possible.

Mr. CHAPMAN has published a cheap Edition, in his "*Library for the People*," of F. W. NEWMAN'S *The Soul: its Sorrows and Aspirations*.—Mr. J. TALBOYS WHEELER, the Cambridge bookseller, is the author of a lucid and well arranged *Summary of New Testament History*. It contains a summary of the Life of Christ, carefully arranged according to years; and an Apostolic History, embracing the Acts of the Apostles, the continuous History of St. Paul, an Analysis of the Epistles, and the Book of Revelation. In each branch the narrative is separated into divisions, and each division into paragraphs; and a novel typographical arrangement has been adopted which materially adds to the otherwise excellent classification of the matter.—A seventh thousand of the Rev. G. B. SCOTT'S *Mornings, or Darkness and Light* has been issued.—*Adonizebek, or the Answer*, is a not very successful attempt to prove to youth that the word and works of God do not always manifestly coincide.—*The Throne of Iniquity* is a discourse by the Rev. ALBERT BARNES, in which arguments are advanced on behalf of a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drink.—The Rev. W. H. JONES, M.A., has published a Sermon, *The Temple of Pleasure and the Lord's Day*, in which he denounces as impious and infidel the intention to open to the people the new Crystal Palace on Sundays.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

General Treatise on Geography, &c. By A. F. FOSTER, A.M. ("Chambers' Educational Course.") Edinburgh: 1852.

THE books issued in the series of which the one before us is the latest volume, are distinguished among educational works for their carefulness of compilation, plainness of language, lucidness of arrangement, and fulness of facts. Mr. FOSTER has sustained this reputation in the treatise before us, which he designed as a text-book for teaching geography. It expounds the principles of geography, and affords a view of the geographical formation of each country. The physical formation of the earth is also described, the method known as HUMBOLDT'S being the one adopted. Mr. FOSTER'S order of proceeding is thus:—After indicating the position of a country, a brief description is given of those leading features in its conformation on which both its natural resources and its civil condition so greatly depend. These natural features are then named in distinct classes, as mountains, valleys, rivers, &c., according to the order in which they seem to depend on each other,—the mountains and valleys giving rise to the rivers and lakes, and determining the course of the one and the positions of the other; the seas into which these rivers discharge their waters, the indentations of those seas, and the islands, capes, and other prominent features which occur around the sea margins. Next, the climate, soil, productions, which depend on each other,

and on the features above mentioned, are described; then the inhabitants of the country claim attention, and their past history is briefly traced, as an introduction to their present social and civil condition. A pronouncing and etymological index of geographical names is added to the work, which is, of course, also furnished with maps of the two hemispheres. Schools and families will greet this excellent geographical treatise. Its typographical arrangement is such that the parts to be learned can be momentarily detected, as also can those parts the careful reading of which only is required. And, thus arranged, the treatise is a readable one for all, whether youthful or otherwise.

The Class Book of English Poetry, is a small selection of poetical extracts from English poets, from Chaucer down to Wordsworth. The passages selected are mostly brief, and are intended to illustrate a moral, point a religious truth, or to prove the superiority of natural over artificial enjoyments and indulgences. — *An Elementary Treatise on Logic*, by the author of "Antidote to Infidelity" is purely elementary, affording a glance at the mere skeleton of "the art." It may be more safely used in schools than by pupils who have no tutors to aid them. — *The School Circle, and Literary Register* is a monthly publication for the use of the pupils at Sion House, Jersey, and in which the tutors address their pupils in a homely way on subjects which are expected to occupy their attention. It is calculated to be locally useful.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope; as visited in 1851. By JOHN AITON, D.D. London and Edinburgh: A Fullarton and Co. 1852.

Three Years in Europe; or Places I have seen, and People I have met. By W. WELLS BROWN, a Fugitive Slave. With a Memoir of the Author, by WILLIAM FARMER. London: Charles Gilpin.

MR. AITON is the minister of Dolphinton, a small parish north of the Tweed. Having a spare one hundred pounds in his pocket, he resolved to quit his homely manse for awhile, leave his parochial duties to be performed by neighbouring clergymen, and visit the Land of the Morning.

The *Ripon* steamer soon took him out of sight of England; and, when Corunna and Cape Finisterre come within sight, Mr. AITON rakes up his historical recollections, and tells us much about the Peninsular war and the English "lines." Indeed, throughout his narrative he carries history in his pocket, and has it ever glibly on his tongue. Egypt was soon reached, and the land where stood the ancient lighthouse, the famous tower of Pharos, greatly interested our eager and enthusiastic traveller. He was bewildered in Alexandria, the strange sights and stranger noises making him believe he was in enchanted land. As for his lions, "anybody may see them in a day, and an active man, well-mounted, may accomplish them in five or six hours. 'Besides,' he remarks:

The cities of the far east are all so much alike, that a few phrases, were they even jumbled together in a glass, and drawn at random, would describe any one of them; such as dirty streets, stinking gutters, narrow lanes, filthy rags, starved dogs, stately dromedaries, stubborn donkeys, lazy lubbers, cross-legged Turks, skulking Jews, black Nubians, brown Bedouins, sounds unearthly, sights disgusting, smells distressing; grand squares, splendid bazaars, glittering domes, tapering minarets, dear and dirty hotels, and a variety of other such elegant expressions too tedious to mention.

It will be seen that Mr. AITON is by no means conventional—that his love of the history of the East, and of its poetry, does not prepossess him in favour of its discomforts and annoyances. Mr. AITON commiserated "the toothless, fore-fingerless, and one-eyed state of this oppressed nation,"—"a striking instance of Canaan's curse and slavery," he says; and the celebrated Mahmoudie Canal he pronounces to be "fifty miles of ditch-water." The Nile disappointed him, but Cairo and its neighbourhood, its scenery and its people, afforded him much gratification. He scrambled up the citadel to get a sight of the constellation of the Southern Cross, and was shot at by the sentinel; but, luckily for the flock at Dolphinton, the Egyptian's aim was faulty. Mr. AITON visited the Pyramids alone, starting at midnight, though he knew a solitary trip was dangerous. Crossing the Nile at the spot where MOSES was found in a basket of rushes by PHARAOH's daughter, his progress "alone among murderers" in the grey dawn, was as picturesque and excit-

ing as he could desire. His description of the ascent of the Pyramids is excellently written, and is full of interest, but much too long to quote. The process of ascending is laborious, and caused Mr. AITON to faint twice. Crossing the Desert, though a painful and tiresome process, was full of charms for our observant Scotchman, and he makes it the occasion to describe

A SIMOOM.

The Simoom has a rotary action, giving it the appearance of a wheel set in rapid motion. Or it is carried up in clouds, resembling the smoke produced immediately after the discharge of a number of pieces of cannon, and expanding as it rolls onward. Or it assumes the shape of a water-spout, the vacuum being filled with sand instead of water. I saw it in terrific majesty on the sandy flats below Damietta, without injury to myself, or any danger, while I was lying on board of a boat which was at anchor at the mouth of the Nile. A number of pillars of sand, at different distances, their tops reaching high in the air, moved rapidly along the surface like a flame. The tops of these sandy pillars were sometimes separated from their bodies. Sometimes, like a waterspout, they were broken near the middle, as if they had been struck by shot from a battery of cannon. Where the rays of the sun shone through them, they presented the appearance of pillars of fire, or they seemed spotted, as if with stars of gold. This pestilential wind, as it sometimes is called, or breath of the terrible one, as the prophet Isaiah names it, is distinctive in a moment. It resembles the burning blast of a glowing furnace; its breath is poisonous and impregnated with death; and sometimes it buries thousands of people and dromedaries at once. It rose, when I saw it, like a haze or purple meteor, and struck out flakes like fire and flashes of silk. It occupied not more than twenty yards in breadth, and seemed to extend about twelve, fifteen, or twenty feet from the ground. Although I was not immediately within its reach, the blast that caused it seemed to affect the surrounding atmosphere, producing for a time a degree of cowardice and indifference to life with which my mind could not contend. It is said that its heat makes the water to boil under its immediate influence; and the flesh of those who are killed by it, soon becomes black, and begins to fall off the bones. The camels are instinctively aware of its approach for an hour or two before; and they stand with intense anxiety ready to bury their heads in the sand till the danger be past. When it strikes the head, the blood gushes in streams from the mouth, ears, and nostrils as if the blast of the simoom had been a flash of lightning.

Mr. AITON found Suez to be a miserable place. The historical associations which thronged upon his mind as he approached the Red Sea, were thick indeed, and he details them in many pages. He bathed in the armlet through which the Israelites are said to have passed, and he examines the various theories of theologians and infidels respecting this miracle, and brings to their elucidation his own experience. As to the particular locality of the miracle, he writes that "it must have happened in the body of the main sea, where it was both wide enough and deep enough, so as the catastrophe might have taken place at once."

Returning on the Nile to Damietta, and coasting along Syria, Mr. AITON reached the Holy Land; and in his account of what he saw and what he felt, his profound knowledge of scripture is an agreeable helpmate. Indeed, throughout his description of the Holy Land, as of Europe and Egypt, the enlightenment which History, Sacred and Profane, can afford, is imparted by Mr. AITON; and the narrative, thus composed of the truths of the past and the living realities of the present, has a most grateful freshness. Mr. AITON becomes more than usually reverential in the land of Canaan and of milk and honey; and even a quarantine of five days duration lost nearly all its terrors and discomforts. He says, "even when I trod for a few yards only, along these sacred shores, I felt as if I had already accomplished what had been the desire of my heart from my boyhood." He thinks the vicinity of Jaffa to the Syrian forests renders probable enough the statement that Noah built his ark there. Our traveller visited the lions of Jaffa, and notably among them the residence of SIMON, son of JONAS. The tanpit and the well he regarded with curiosity, and he "drank from the fountain which probably quenched many a time the thirst of the bold apostle." Jerusalem disappointed our friend, and he had been much troubled and worn by the journey from Jaffa thither. The city seemed as though dead: "I reconnoitred all the scenes not only with intensity of feeling, but with awe; and in the whole panorama there was no more appearance of life, than if Jerusalem had been seen shining up from the bottom of the Dead

Sea." And Mr. AITON sums the beauties, the terrors, and the troubles of this region in

AN ALLEGORY.

The journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem forms a striking analogy to that experienced by the spiritual pilgrim in journeying through the wilderness of this life, and might suggest the subject of a beautiful allegory. The gardens of Jaffa and plains of Sharon, show the path of youth strewn with flowers to cheer the pilgrim onward on his progress. The fatiguing portion of the journey beyond Ramleh, represents the activity generally maintained in the prime of his life, and the dangers of the Gorge check his pride, try his faith, and prepare him for entering the gates of the New Jerusalem, the object of his fondest desires and the aim of his whole pilgrimage.

We have space for only one of Mr. AITON's many sketches of what he saw in Jerusalem.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

In the evening I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, certainly the most venerable in the world. It was remarkable to find this burial place of our Lord guarded by Mahometan soldiers. A great crowd was pressing for admittance, and their struggles were scarcely becoming their character as pilgrims. I entered the large circular hall supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars, and surmounted by a large dome. Local tradition has fixed this remarkable spot as the centre of the earth. Immediately within the door there is a large flat stone on the floor, surrounded by a rail, and having lamps suspended over it. The pilgrims were pushing towards it, some of them even on their knees; and they all kissed it, and prostrated themselves before it, and offered up prayers in holy adoration. This is said to be the stone on which the body of our Lord was washed and anointed for the tomb. But everything around is hallowed by events unparalleled in the theatre of this lower world. Turning to the left, and proceeding a little forward, I came to a round space immediately under the dome, surrounded with large columns that support the gallery above. In the midst of this space there is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre, at one end it is rounded and on the outside of it there are arcades for prayer. At the other end it is squared off and furnished with a platform in front. The sepulchre is thus enclosed in an oblong monument of white marble, ornamented with pilasters and cornices, and surmounted by a small marble cupola; within these are two small sanctuaries, in the front of which stands a block of polished marble about a foot and a-half square. Here sat, it is said, the angel who announced the tidings of the blessed resurrection to Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James: "He is not here; he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Going forward about a yard, a curtain is drawn aside, and I was told to take off my shoes. I then stepped down and bending with my hands on my knees, I entered a low, narrow door, into a small apartment lighted up with a profusion of golden lamps, and filled with an oppressive atmosphere of incense, and simply adorned with a variety of flowers. This, I was told, was the mansion of the Saviour's victory, where he burst asunder the fetters of death and rose from the dust of mortality. On my right hand was the grave in which his body was buried. This cave, hewn out of the rock, where the body of our Lord Jesus Christ was laid, has been covered with marble to protect it from injury by pilgrims chipping the rock with hammers, and carrying away the fragments. Two young Greek women dressed in white, with consumptive faces, and a hectic flush, were bending over the tomb in the attitude of very firm devotion when I entered. They seemed to be sisters, and down their pale marble faces, unmoving as statues, tears gushed in penitence. I kneeled over the tomb, trembled, wept, and muttered a short prayer for humility, repentance, faith, and mercy for myself, my family, my flock, and friends. And in so far as I know my heart, I may say, that the gratitude of it ascended with the risen Saviour to the throne of the Father on high. Alone and in silence at the supposed centre of the world, and far, far from home, I tried fervently to remember my sins before God, and all the places and persons in the East Indies and in Europe, most near and dear unto me. I rose, pulled a flower which was afterwards sent home to my dear daughter Maggie, and I came back from this scene of hope, joy, and sorrow, to give room to other visitors, for not more than three or four can be admitted at a time.

In succession, Mr. AITON visited "the chapel of the Apparition, where it is said our Lord appeared to the blessed Virgin," and "Mount Calvary, the magnetic pole of the Christian world;" also the house of PONTIUS PILATE, and the pavement on which LAZARUS was wont to lie when the dogs came to lick his sores; and he "lodged on Mount Zion, where DAVID's palace was;" and the tomb of DAVID, the palace of the Caiaphas, and the place of the Crucifixion, are

carefully and lengthily described. And we would remark that Mr. ARON's accounts of these places and spots derive additional importance from the fact that he did not follow the example of many travellers, and question the identity of every or any locality, nor scorn its traditions; but proceeded upon the opinion of GIBBON, "that the Christians have fixed, by unquestionable tradition, the scene of each memorable event." We would fain linger with Mr. ARON in the Garden of Gethsemane, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the Mount of Olives and Bethany—"where St. STEPHEN suffered martyrdom, and where SAUL of Tarsus stood and held the clothes of his murderers while they stoned him to death," and in "the spot where the Man of Sorrows suffered agony in the garden;" but our limits will not permit. The Mount of Olives is, Mr. ARON informs us, a place of lovely simplicity and pure and pious delight; and he thus describes the chief attraction of

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

The principal feature in the garden was eight olive trees, gnarled and time-worn, probably the most aged, and undoubtedly the most venerable in the whole world. Their large trunks much decayed and small tops of foliage still survive the lapse probably of two thousand years or more. Around the bottom of these trees, on the surface of the ground, heaps of dry stones have been built up. And certainly when I looked at the aged stocks in all the different stages of hardy decrepitude, I felt somewhat apprehensive that their life would ere long become extinct. But I noticed, and the fact was explained to me, that plenty of young suckers were sprouting from the base; and it is said, in proportion as the vigour of the parent ceases this offspring grows with more rapidity, indicating that the roots never decay. Moreover, when the young shoots acquire a certain strength and stature, one of them seems to take the lead and the rest begin to fade, so that this one in time becomes the sole representative of its parent. And thus there is a renewal of these trees as often as required, and probably every two or three hundred years or more. And in this way it is easy to conceive that these olives grow still where they did in the time of our Saviour; and also, that if they had ever been cut down, as has been alleged, by Titus at the siege of Jerusalem, they would live still, and their boughs and blossoms would mark the spot anew. It is said that the enclosure of the garden has been enlarged about one-third, so as to contain about the third of an English acre. Besides the eight aged olives, it is now planted with three young cypresses, many hollyhocks, roses, wall-flowers, and some rosemary.

In this way, carrying acute observation with him and illuminating every object by the light of scripture history, does Mr. ARON traverse the Holy Land, the islands of the Ægean Seas, and the Eastern Archipelago. Without pretending altogether to approve this intermixing of scripture narrative and travelling sketches, or to like the frequent allusion, in the midst of lovely scenes or dangerous passes, to "the flock at Dolphinton," we must pronounce Mr. ARON's volume to be as delightful as we deem its author to be eccentric, and enthusiastic, and self-confident.

After lingering in Asia, and visiting Troy, the Hellespont, Constantinople, the sea of Marmora, and the Black Sea, we find our traveller in Greece. In Athens he detects many geographical likenesses of Edinburgh; and, further—"Athens was one of the most celebrated seats of learning, philosophy, history, eloquence, and poetry in ancient times. And Edinburgh is no less famous for all these in modern days. Was there ever produced at Athens a work equal in variety and solidity of talent to *The Edinburgh Review*, or to PROFOOT BLACK's *Encyclopedia Britannica*, or to CHAMBERS's publications?" Throughout its history, the modern more than rivals the ancient Athens, Mr. ARON assures us; and even its benevolent men "take the shine" out of those of the ancient prototype. Nay, we would add what he is modest enough to refrain from, that as Mr. ARON is himself a son of Auld Reekie, its travellers as far excel those of the older city as Scotch steam vessels are superior to the war-sloops of ALCEBIADES. We recollect reading of an American who was chid for the fault, common to his countrymen, of too much boasting. The excuse of the Yankee was characteristic. He explained that the new world excelled the old in its natural grandeur, in its growing wealth, the perfection of its government, and of its educational system—in its machinery and its literature; and, in the same way, he added, "it had just gone ahead in boasting too, that's all." Apt illustration, this, of Mr. ARON's individual vanity, and his boast of the superiority of Edinburgh.

From Greece to the Land of the Pope afforded new pleasure to Mr. ARON; and though this portion of his travels is fully described, we prefer not to dwell upon it, as it does not equal in interest the descriptions in which the peculiar bent of Mr. ARON's studies have enabled him to excel. With the Straits of Messina he was delighted, and he discovered that Scylla and Charybdis were as fabulous as the reputed superior learning, grandeur and greatness of ancient Athens. "So still, indeed, was all around, that I might have passed it a dozen of times in a Highland herring boat, without noticing anything remarkable of this terrible and far-famed whirlpool; and if I had not been on the lookout, I could scarcely have detected that which the fancy of the poets has rendered classical by their vivid descriptions. It was nothing more than an eddy and slight surf caused by the meeting of the main and lateral currents."

Mr. ARON was often subject to mishaps during the period of his travels. Shot at by a sentinel at Cairo, by a Bedouin robber at Ramleh, he was not free from molestations in the most refined cities of Europe, nor destitute of adventures in its smoothest waters. He tells us that at Naples he was continually persecuted by the police, who seem to act on the adage that every man is a rogue until proved honest. Mr. ARON was watched in the streets, worried even at his place of worship, beset by spies and liveried officers everywhere. One morning he was visited early at his hotel, and the visitors became so tiresome, that, he says, "I threatened to eat my breakfast in silence, unless they became remarkably civil." On the waters of Marseilles, the hat and wig which Mr. ARON had "worn through all the regions of the East" were taken from his head by "a momentary bolt of wind." * * "carried over into the ocean, when a monster of the deep, with a mouth like a mill door, snapped them down to the bottom." Yet the travelling and valorous ARON never loses his self-possession, and at such a distressing moment as this he could sit quietly and watch the luckless wig, and feel "right glad that my head was not in it." And, he adds, for the information of those who did not see him, and for the consolation of his friends at Dolphinton, who may suppose he suffered from this misadventure, that "my black hat which I had taken from Europe had perished long before, so that I put a large white handkerchief round my head like a turban, and being dressed from top to toe in white linen, well washed at Leghorn, I landed at the focus of French commerce with the Levant altogether in the costume of a Turk. But I soon bought another straw hat, which is now snug in the manse, to be forthcoming on some warm summer day when I visit my son WILLIAM, who has taken a store farm on the coast of the Western Highlands."

Mr. ARON has given chapters, in the course of his work, which we have not stopped to notice, on "The Seven Churches of Asia," "The present state of the Jews in their Fatherland," and an account of his sojourn in Rome, and of the soul-destroying character of Popery, as evinced in the condition of the Papal States and the wretchedness of its inhabitants. The volume is withal well illustrated, containing some twenty or more large engravings of superior execution, and a map of Modern Palestine.

Our readers will by this time have seen that Mr. ARON is a remarkable instance of content and self-satisfaction. He believes he has "travelled further to the East, and traversed more interesting countries, in one trip, than many single tourists have done." And that is one reason why he claims the attention of the public to his book. And he has really persuaded his publishers that what he has written is attractive, for "they have bought the manuscript at a handsome sum, and all is stereotyped, with the confident expectation of selling ten thousand copies of the work." And Mr. ARON's confidence in himself rather disposes him to despise "the bilious critic," to use hard words about "the periodicals and pamphlets of the day," and to anticipate the sentiments of "perfumed dandies" who may take up his volume. Happy and contented ARON! "If no other being ever peruses this work, the author hereby pledges himself, whether or no, to take it up at a time, and thus to travel, in his own easy chair, all the parts mentioned over and over again, certainly with as much pleasure, and probably with less risk and expense than before." Happy publishers, too! If the book do not gain numerous readers and admirers, it will at least have one, a host in himself—one

who, if he do not consume an edition in his own arm-chair, will not have been true to the bombastic pledge here recorded. But Mr. ARON is not *all* immodesty. "Although I say it, that should not say it, I have made out as long and interesting a journey in as short a time and on as little expense (averaging a sovereign a day for four months,) as any white man not an American ever accomplished. But whether I have written as good a volume or no, it is a different story." Now, why this reservation in favour of a white American? Perhaps, because the Yankee is *not* noted for humility. Why doubt that the volume is as good as was the journey? Perhaps Mr. ARON really *had* read his pages a second time. But we assure him he need not blush for them; and Dolphinton may well be proud of so enterprising, and pious, and learned a traveller.

WHILE all the world is reading and partially admiring the "highly wrought" fictitious descriptions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it is quite possible that what a real "fugitive slave" has to say of himself and for himself, may meet with less attention than it deserves. Mr. BROWN would seem to have published an autobiography, which we have not met with, but the prefatory memoir in the present little volume gives the chief facts of his career, and, so far as we can judge merely from internal evidence, gives them with considerable truthfulness; at least, it has little of that stilted and exaggerated tone which usually offends in narratives of the kind. Mr. BROWN is a Kentuckian, born of a slave-mother, his father having been a relative of his owners. In early years, a "house-servant" of his masters, he was afterwards hired out or "levied," as the phrase is, to a motley succession of employers: a Virginian publican, who treated him brutally; a steam-boat captain, who treated him tolerably; a hotel-keeper from a free state; a Southern editor, under whom he picked up some education; and, finally, a Southern slave-dealer, who "set him to prepare the stock for the market, by shaving off whiskers and blacking the grey hairs with a colouring composition." Meanwhile, his sisters had been sold away to different and distant regions, and his original master and relative, who wanted money, threatening to sell him too, he and his mother made their escape, but were taken, and BROWN was sold to a Mr. PRICE, of St. Louis, who employed him in the household, and, by removing from St. Louis to Cincinnati, gave him another and a better opportunity to escape. After the usual amount of hair-breadth "scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, he got a home and presently a status in the Free States, where his prior history and fluency of speech recommended him to the service of the Abolitionists, who employed him as a lecturer, and found him useful and successful in that capacity. In 1849, being then thirty-five, he was delegated one of the coloured representatives of America to the Paris Peace Congress, and has spent the intervening years chiefly in Britain, of which this volume conveys his impressions. Without displaying literary talent or skill, it is not devoid of a certain interest, and is for the most part unaffectedly and often pleasingly written. Originally composed in the form of letters to friends in America, it neither challenges nor would repay criticism, but affords, nevertheless, here and there, an extractable and agreeable passage.

The author was in Dublin in the August of 1849, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit, and went to Kingstown to witness the arrival of the Royal party. Which gives occasion for an anecdote of

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE ALFRED.

It was not long before the five steamers were entering the harbour, the one bearing Her Majesty leading the way. As each vessel had a number of distinguished persons on board, the people appeared to be at a loss to know which was the Queen; and as each party made its appearance on the promenade deck, they were received with great enthusiasm, the party having the best looking lady being received with the greatest applause. The Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, while crossing the deck were recognised and greeted with three cheers; the former taking off his hat and bowing to the people, showed that he had had some training as a public man although not ten years of age. But not so with Prince Alfred; for, when his brother turned to him and asked him to take off his hat and make a bow to the people, he shook his head and said, "No." This was received with hearty laughter by those on board, and was responded to by the thousands on shore. But greater applause was yet in store for

the young prince; for the captain of the steamer being near by, and seeing that the Prince of Wales could not prevail on his brother to take off his hat, stepped up to him and undertook to take it off for him, when, seemingly to the delight of all, the prince put both hands to his head and held his hat fast. This was regarded as a sign of courage and future renown, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm—many crying out, "Good, good, he will make a brave king when his day comes."

MR. BROWN AT THE PEACE CONGRESS CHECKMATES MR. WHITE.

I was not a little amused at an incident that occurred at the close of the first session. On the passage from America, there were in the same steamer with me, several Americans, and among these, three or four appeared to be much annoyed at the fact that I was a passenger, and enjoying the company of white persons; and although I was not openly insulted, I very often heard the remark, that "That nigger had better be on his master's farm," and "What could the American Peace Society be thinking about to send a black man as a delegate to Paris." Well, at the close of the first sitting of the Convention, and just as I was leaving Victor Hugo, to whom I had been introduced by an M.P., I observed near me a gentleman with his hat in hand, whom I recognised as one of the passengers who had crossed the Atlantic with me in *The Canada*, and who appeared the most horrified at having a negro for a fellow passenger. This gentleman, as I left M. Hugo, stepped up to me and said, "How do you do, Mr. Brown?" "You have the advantage of me," said I. "Oh, don't you know me; I was a fellow passenger with you from America; I wish you would give me an introduction to Victor Hugo and Mr. Cobden." I need not inform you that I declined introducing this pro-slavery American to these distinguished men. I only allude to this, to show what a change comes over the dreams of my white American brother, by crossing the ocean. The man who would not have been seen walking with me in the streets of New York, and who would not have shaken hands with me with a pair of tongs while on the passage from the United States, could come with hat in hand in Paris, and say, "I was your fellow-passenger."

MR. BROWN DINING AT THE WHITTINGTON CLUB SEES M. LOUIS BLANC.

We had been in the room but a short time, when a small man, dressed in black, with his coat buttoned up to the chin, entered the saloon, and took a seat at the table hard by. My friend in a low whisper informed me that this person was one of the French refugees. He was apparently not more than thirty years of age, and exceedingly good looking—his person being slight, his feet and hands very small and well shaped, especially his hands, which were covered with kid gloves, so tightly drawn on, that the points of the finger nails were visible through them. His face was mild and almost womanly in its beauty, his eyes soft and full, his brow open and ample, his features well defined, and approaching to the ideal Greek in contour; the lines about his mouth were exquisitely sweet, and yet resolute in expression; his hair was short—his having no mustaches gave him nothing of the look of a Frenchman; and I was not a little surprised when informed that the person before me was Louis Blanc. I could scarcely be persuaded to believe that one so small, so child-like in stature, had taken a prominent part in the Revolution of 1848. He held in his hand a copy of *La Presse*, and as soon as he was seated, opened it and began to devour its contents. The gentleman with whom I was dining was not acquainted with him, but at the close of our dinner he procured me an introduction through another gentleman.

MR. BROWN DESCRIBES MISS MARTINEAU'S WEST-MORELAND RESIDENCE.

The dwelling is a cottage of moderate size, built after Miss M.'s own plan, upon a rise of land from which it derives the name of "The Knoll." The library is the largest room in the building, and upon the walls of it were hung some beautiful engravings and a continental map. On a long table which occupied the centre of the room, were the busts of Shakspeare, Newton, Milton, and a few other literary characters of the past. One side of the room was taken up with a large case, filled with a choice collection of books, and everything indicated that it was the home of genius and of taste.

The room usually occupied by Miss M., and where we found her on the evening of our arrival, is rather small and lighted by two large windows. The walls of this room were also decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantle-shelf were some models in *terra cotta* of Italian groups. On a circular table lay casts, medallions, and some very choice water-colour drawings. Under the south window stood a small table covered with newly opened letters, a portfolio and several new books, with here and there a page turned down, and

one with a paper knife between its leaves as if it had only been half read. I took up the last-mentioned, and it proved to be the "Life and Poetry of Hartley Coleridge," son of S. T. Coleridge. It was just from the press, and had, a day or two before, been forwarded to her by the publisher. Miss M. is very deaf and always carries in her left hand a trumpet; and I was not a little surprised on learning from her that she had never enjoyed the sense of smell, and only on one occasion the sense of taste, and that for a single moment. Miss M. is loved with a sort of idolatry by the people of Ambleside, and especially the poor, to whom she gives a course of lectures every winter gratuitously. She finished her last course the day before our arrival. She was much pleased with Ellen Craft, and appears delighted with the story of herself and husband's escape from slavery, as related by the latter—during the recital of which I several times saw the silent tear stealing down her cheek, and which she tried in vain to hide from us.

MR. BROWN BEING IN AN OMNIBUS CONTEMPLATES MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.

I had scarcely taken my seat, when my friend, who was seated opposite me, with looks and gesture informed me that we were in the presence of some distinguished person. I eyed the countenances of the different persons, but in vain, to see if I could find any one who by his appearance showed signs of superiority over his fellow-passengers. I had given up the hope of selecting the person of note when another look from my friend directed my attention to a gentleman seated in the corner of the omnibus. He was a tall man with strongly marked features, hair dark and coarse. There was a slight stoop of the shoulder—that bend which is almost always a characteristic of studious men. But he wore upon his countenance a forbidding and disdainful frown, that seemed to tell one that he thought himself better than those about him. His dress did not indicate a man of high rank; and had we been in America, I would have taken him for an Ohio farmer.

While I was scanning the features and general appearance of the gentleman, the omnibus stopped and put down three or four of the passengers, which gave me an opportunity of getting a seat by the side of my friend, who, in a low whisper, informed me that the gentleman whom I had been eyeing so closely, was no less a person than Thomas Carlyle. I had read his "Hero-worship," and "Past and Present," and had formed a high opinion of his literary abilities. But his recent attack upon the emancipated people of the West Indies, and his laborious article in favour of the re-establishment of the lash and slavery, had created in my mind a dislike for the man, and I almost regretted that we were in the same omnibus. In some things, Mr. Carlyle is right; but in many, he is entirely wrong. As a writer, Mr. Carlyle is often monotonous and extravagant, &c. &c.

MR. BROWN BEING AT OXFORD CONTEMPLATES A VERY DIFFERENT PERSONAGE.

Few places in any country as noted as Oxford is, but what has some distinguished person residing within its precincts. And knowing that the City of Palaces was not an exception to this rule, I resolved to see some of its lions. Here, of course, is the head quarters of the Bishop of Oxford, a son of the late William Wilberforce, Africa's noble champion. I should have been glad to have seen this distinguished pillar of the church, but I soon learned that the bishop's residence was out of town, and that he seldom visited the city except on business. I then determined to see one who, although a lesser dignitary in the church, is nevertheless, scarcely less known than the Bishop of Oxford. This was the Rev. Dr. Pusey, a divine, whose name is known wherever the religion of Jesus is known and taught, and the acknowledged head of the Puseyites. On the second morning of my visit, I proceeded to Christ Church Chapel, where the rev. gentleman officiates. Fortunately I had an opportunity of seeing the Dr., and following close in his footsteps to the church. His personal appearance is anything but that of one who is the leader of a growing and powerful party in the church. He is rather under the middle size, and is round shouldered, or rather stoops. His profile is more striking than his front face, the nose being very large and prominent. As a matter of course, I expected to see a large nose, for all great men have them. He has a thoughtful, and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat pensive mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed. A monk fresh from the cloisters of Tintern Abbey, in its proudest days, could scarcely have made a more ascetic and solemn appearance than did Dr. Pusey on this occasion. He is not apparently above forty-five, or at most fifty years of age, and his whole aspect renders him an admirable study for an artist. Dr. Pusey's style of preaching is cold and tame, and one looking at him would scarcely believe that such an apparently uninteresting man could cause such an

eruption in the church as he has. I was glad to find that a coloured young man was among the students at Oxford.

FICTION.

The Heir of Sherborne; or the Attainder. London: Bentley. 1852.

CAREW RALEIGH is the son of the historical Sir Walter, and his efforts to regain his wealth, to restore his name, and redeem his fame, form the plot of *The Heir of Sherborne*. The heroine is Elizabeth Throckmorton, and the period that of CHARLES the First. The story of the family of the first Duke of BUCKINGHAM is pressed into service, and his execution is described—his villainy and his finesse are detailed, and, incidentally, we are introduced to one of the objects of his persecuting spirit, the first ANNE of Austria. Carew forsakes his love, marries an intriguing widow who has money and influence at court, and thus obtains an eminence whence his plans can the better be prosecuted. But this marriage of convenience is not one of happiness; Carew regrets his perfidy; his struggles become painful, but in vain, and he soon dwindles into a secondary personage in the story. The purpose of the tale, apart from the plot, would appear to be to sketch the time of CHARLES the First, and with this view many historical names are introduced; but the author is not constant to the truth of history when a point may be made by departing from it, nor to its moral when a scene may be improved by concealing it. His work is another evidence that, if the materials for historical novels are not exhausted, we at least lack geniuses who can handle them in a commanding and faithful manner. There are, however, passages in *The Heir of Sherborne* containing careful writing, displaying much study, and a familiarity with historical facts. Intrigues are well managed, and though the dialogue is often verbose in the extreme, the scenes generally have interest and display a purpose. Rather for its display of a knowledge of the minutæ of royal luxury than for any other reason, we quote this account of

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

Half-reclining, half-sitting, Anne received, therefore, her subjects on a bed of singularly costly construction, and of immense size. The mattress on which she reposed was stuffed with the down from an eagle's breast, and covered with white silk, over which again was a net-work of red silken thread. Sheets of cambric, edged with the finest lace d'Alençon, exemplified the extreme delicacy of this luxurious queen, and gave rise to the anecdote of Cardinal Mazarin, who is said to have remarked to the queen, that the severest punishment that could be inflicted on her majesty "would be to sleep in sheets of Holland cloth." Some reported,—and the exquisite fairness of her skin seemed to attest the truth of the assertion,—that the sensitiveness of her frame was such, that she could not sustain the contact of aught that was coarser than the most delicate cambric that could be woven. But Anne, though she may have often forgotten the circumstance, was mortal; and the plea thus made for inordinate luxury was the refinement of adulation. Over these costly sheets, richly embroidered, the crown of France in the centre, and bordered with the *fleur-de-lis*, was a coverlid edged with a sort of leather more fragrant than the richest perfumes, "or," adds the chronicler, "than Thessalian cloth." Above, was a canopy decked with plumes, supported by four bed-posts constructed of gold and ivory, carved so as to represent birds, small beasts, and garlands of flowers, and adorned with carbuncles, which shone even in the gloom of the night. The curtains were of silk, confined at each post, or *montant*, by four sapphires attached by golden threads; over the foot of the bed lay a carpet stuffed with down; and a stool richly gilded was placed there for the honoured lord or lady who had the right of the *tabouret*. At the head of this gorgeous bed, stiff as if set there for ever, stood a lady of middle age—the Grande Maitresse—whose office it was always to stand at that post. The Queen was partially dressed. She wore a loose robe, almost resembling a blouse, of blue silk, confined at the waist by a clasp of enamel, of Limoges; a *bonnet de nuit*, of Brussels lace, fell gracefully over the unconfined tresses of her rich hair, which was of a colour that the troubadours of Provence long celebrated in their heroines. Her arms had no ornaments, but were simply shaded by lace ruffles, as delicate as the white and rounded wrists on which they fell. Never had the rare attractions of this fair Spaniard been more skillfully enhanced by the accompaniments which lend to beauty the advantage of picturesque effect. The dark and rudely-painted walls of the chamber; the scanty and even poor furniture,—for the bed was the sole glory of the room,—all contributed to concentrate

the splendour of the spot where Anne reposed, into one point. She—with the dim light from the old and heavy casement streaming upon her—she was the sole object in that vast apartment. A few benches, a few stools, a *fauteuil* for Her Majesty when she arose, those were the furniture of the chamber, with the single exception, indeed, far from the bed, of the grand toilet-table, over which projected a Venetian mirror in an embossed silver frame. A superb set of golden implements for the service of the toilet was there displayed; and before the table was placed a *fauteuil*, the legs and back of which were richly carved and gilded; while the arms of France were embroidered on the crimson velvet which covered the seat. Anne, weary of the morning's receptions, would willingly have reclined somewhat longer; but the hour at which she was expected to breakfast in public was approaching. She submitted, therefore, when the commandant of the town, in great Hessian boots, had made his last bow, and backed out of her chamber, with awkward precipitancy, his sword dangling at his heels, to be assisted to rise; to be dressed by two of her ladies, and planted, not a single observance being omitted, in the *fauteuil* before her mirror.

MR. T. S. ARTHUR has published a tale entitled *Agnes, the Possessed, a Revelation of Mesmerism*. We need hardly remark that whatever merit the work possesses as a tale, is spoilt by the burden imposed upon it of explaining the phenomena of an ill-understood science. It is well written, but to explain the hidden truths of Mesmerism in a fiction, is as absurd as if the author had endeavoured to teach Geography in the same way.—*Uncle Tom in England, or a proof that Black's White* is an echo of, or sequel to, Mrs. BEECHER STOWE'S work, in which several of the original characters are retained. The author has even rescued Emmeline from the slavery to which Mrs. STOWE had consigned her, and makes her the instrument of her mother's emancipation. Chartists, and those whom the author terms the "Scribes and Pharisees," are treated satirically, and he tells us (dating from the Regent's Park) that the whole of the two hundred pages were written and printed within a week.—The latest volume of the Parlor Library contains Mr. GRATTAN'S *Cagot's Hut, or Conscript's Bride*, an interesting tale of improbabilities and perils.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Louisa. From the German of Voss. By JAMES COCHRANE. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. Those of our readers who remember Mr. COCHRANE'S translation from GOETHE of *Herman and Dorothea*, will be best able to appreciate the ability which he brings to that new, unexplored, and difficult task of rendering in English the *Louise* of Voss. Why such a poem, so full of genius, and so musical with household thoughts and utterances should have remained so long untranslated is really inexplicable. One reason that has been urged is the difficulty of the German hexameter; but we should have supposed that the beauty of the original poem would have incited the attempt to transcribe, even though complete success may not have followed. We are, therefore, the more indebted to Mr. COCHRANE for his present performance, which places him in a high position as a student, and proves to the world that his choice of English language is very elegant and expressive. Mr. COCHRANE has contented himself with simply translating the poem, and therefore a few observations from us concerning JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS may not be uninteresting.

If we wanted any proof of the generous nature, and the beautiful disposition of the author of *Faust*, we should find it in the fact of his having written a warm, eulogistic delineation of Voss. Meed of praise from one great man to another, like mercy in a king, "blesses him that gives and him that takes." A great man may praise an inferior, and so doing glorify his pride of superiority, but it required courage of the highest order in GOETHE to commend the abilities of a poet who was so triumphantly sharing with him the admiration of the mind of Germany! While we applaud this nobleness, how miserable, paltry, and destructive appears that mental enmity which brooded like a thunder cloud between POPE and ADDISON!

JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS is not well known in England, and the fact is to be lamented. Of all the beautiful translations of Mr. MANGAN in his German Anthology we believe that he has not given a single example of Voss. This is somewhat unaccountable, since it is admitted, on all hands, that many of the songs and idylls of Voss are very exquisite, and we should have supposed admirably suited to the pages of *The Dublin University Magazine*, in which Mr. MANGAN'S

translations first appeared. Voss, like many of his contemporaries, is a notable example of extensive learning and manly vision, ever outspoken in the cause of truth, and striving for one grand object, the elevation of mankind. It is worthy of note that his celebrated *Louise* was written when he was fifty years of age, a fact very significant in reference to the poem. At this time, in the ordinary course of nature, the poet must have passed the feverish excitements and worldly passions which agitate, and too often conquer, the youthful heart. At such a time the quiet homestead, the family circle, the very singing of the kettle on the cheering fire, or the purr of the cat on the warm rug were objects and sounds for the poet to love, and towards which his feelings tended by a natural law. It was the amiable disposition of the poet sympathizing with all these things which suggested the dear domestic pictures which we find in *Louise*. With what genuine sociality are we at first introduced to the "beloved old pastor of Gruenau." We enter at once and fully into the spirit of keeping up the birthday of Louisa, with which the poem opens. A rich vein of poetry is at once struck by the mother's anxious and proud question as to where the birthday shall be celebrated:

"Shall we away to the forest, Louisa, or would'st thou rather. Seeing the sun is so bright, in the cool honeysuckle deck'd arbour.
Down by the streamlet thy birthday hold? But why art thou blushing?"
"Not in the arbour, Mamma, for the scent of the pale honeysuckle,
Mingled with queen of the meadows and lilies, at evening is heavy;
And moreover the midges in myriads come from the water: Sweetly the bright sun shines, and the skirts of the forest are pleasant."

Away, then, to the forest go all the joyous holiday keepers, the lovely Louisa—

Leading delighted the way to the foam-fringed sluice of the cornmill,
Down in the valley. On this side and that, at the feet of the maiden,
Lightly her white frock flapped, tucked neatly with rose-coloured loopstrings.
Rich silk gauze, scarce hiding her bosom, enveloped her shoulders,
Fastened in front with a brooch in the form of a rose, and a straw hat,
Decked with a corn-flower, shaded her countenance, smiling and friendly.
Under the bonnet, her ringlets of dark hair streamed on her shoulders,
Carelessly tied in their glossy profusion with rose-coloured ribbons.
White, from the band of her brown kid glove, shone sweetly her right hand,
Holding a fan, which she sometimes used in the heat to refresh her;
And as the left on the arm of the youth confidently rested,
Softly he held in his hand the beloved girl's delicate fingers.
Gushings of rapture he felt at his heart; thick breathing and speechless
Pressed he her small hand, trembling himself as he played with her fingers.

The old pastor of Gruenau enjoys the forest repast immensely. All the little mishaps in the rusticity which make a gipsy party delicious, such as the teaspoons being left behind by "mamma," add to the mirth of the occasion. It is sufficient to say that, through the whole of "Idyl First," there is the poet's characteristic freedom, his fondness for familiar objects and simple circumstances, all blending themselves with delightful descriptions of forest scenery such as only a great artist could effect. We need not follow Louisa to the sequel, which is her marriage, but offer one more extract which will give a fair idea of the value of the work:

But open the window:
Good fresh air is as needful for people as water for fish, or Freedom of thought for the soul, how far soever extending; Not to the level of brutes by ban and oppression degraded. Ah, how refreshing the air blows in at the window! The garden,
Spangled with dew drops, various coloured, now blooming and lovely!
See the morelles, and the plums! And there, on espaliers leaning,
Small dwarf apples, adorned with knobs, vermilion-coloured! And that powerful giant, the snow white pendulous pear tree! All these are from God; of a truth, like the bees and the songsters,
People may revel in fragrance. "We praise Thee, Lord God," singing.

The story of *Louisa* has no plot, and no argument, nor was it required that the poet should give us a rhythmical discourse, in order to exhibit his genius. A mere tactician may invent a story in which incident, dangers, and difficulties, may first astonish a reader, and then be made to transform themselves naturally into the common course of events; but only a mind at once grand and generalizing, is able to throw aside artistic skill and enchant and enchain other minds by a power God given, that speaks at once and direct to the loving-kindness and the sympathies of men.

So has spoken Voss in his *Louise*, a work which must be reckoned as one of the most genuine portraits of German domestic life.

Links in the Chain of Destiny. By RONALD CAMPBELL. London: Newman.

Estelle. By THETA. London: Saunders and Otley.
Boyhood and other Poems. By JUVENIS. London: Shoberl.

Links in the Chain of Destiny might very properly have been called a record of disasters and griefs. Although we could quote passages of poetic worth and beauty, yet the poem, as a whole, is devoid of interest. It is a long serious wail, a tedious recital of disappointments, told in a capricious measure; not the impulsive and impetuous utterance of wrongs such as communicates its spirit, like an electric shock, to all who read. The poem is so vague that we cannot sympathize with the author's injuries, inasmuch as we are ignorant of their nature. "Ignoble charges" have been made, aims have been frustrated, the poet has had to struggle against false friends; so, at least, we suppose from the shadowy indirectness of the stanzas. One extract will show the unpoeitical nature of this indefiniteness.

"Presumption
That I should not have been there—
Assuming that I should have left the place
When danger showed her face;
And, in addition,
Some most futile incidents,
Which, had they been but noticed at the time,—
The very consciousness of Truth,—
Its simple dignity—
Would have disproved at once
The ignoble charge."

Been where; and what charge? For the place and the charge are nameless. We sincerely regret these follies, or affectations, or hypochondriacal musings of the author, because they mar that fine poetic vein which in him lies. Just observe how joyously and fancifully he sings when he "twitches his cares aside."

'Twas latest autumn, and the sloping sun
A purple radiance through the leafless trees
Shot from his glittering wain, equip with reins
Of streaming gold, that gilt the tufted grove,
And tinged the fleeces of the nibbling flock,
Throwing long russet shadows o'er the lawn.
Oh, dearest Solitude, sweet rural shade,
A little while we'll twine our cares aside,
And wander with thee
Through the braky dell.
We leave the green-house. Yonder are the trees,
Beneath whose shelter, by that quiet rill,
Leans forward the decreed hut—bent down
As if to watch the sportive stream,
Young in its thousand years, and blithe as May,
When hawthorn blows its silvery flowers.

The next poem on our list, *Estelle*, stands in strong contrast to the last. There is nothing in it so mystified that it can be mistaken for grandeur or power, or sublimity, but its verbal familiarity is everywhere paramount. It is the old story of love told in detail; but THETA should have known that love loses much of its spiritual attribute by being so particularized. This poem is one among that numerous class which calls for no special remarks from a reviewer. One extract will show why and wherefore.

"I love him not: this is no jest,"
Cried Ida, then, indignantly;
"He hath not given or received
From Ida ought save courtesy."
"Now calm thee, Ida, I said not
That Frederic was ungallant knight,
But only whispered that thou loved'st,
As any gentle maiden might.
Look yonder, from the casement, there,
What bird is that upon the wing?"
And Ida to the window went,
In hope it would a respite bring;
And back she started, as she gazed,
For there was Frederic, and her cheek
Again was dyed with rosy hue,
The conscious Ida could not speak.
"What is it, Ida?" Minna cried;
"What! speechless, downcast, blushing there;
The timid Ida, too, can love,
She whom the summer storm can scare."
"Oh, Minna! Minna! peace I pray,
Or I shall sink with shame and fear;
The leaf that's borne on autumn wind,
To me than Frederic is more dear."

Very interesting this! Who henceforth will fear the coldness or the frowns of the Muses, when we here behold them in the light of the most amiable of gossips?

Boyhood, and other Poems, by JUVENIS, is a performance somewhat better than juvenility might warrant. It is sufficiently respectable, and artistically correct, to escape any severe critical remarks; but unlike morning standing "tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," it heralds not a coming effulgence.

Snatches of Song, by WILLIAM GURNER, are evidently the jottings of a young man of literary taste and refinement. He rhymes neatly, and words flow from him as water from a bankside—copiously, constantly, ever in the same direction, and with the same impetus, but, unlike it, without sparkle, or play, or brilliance. Mr. GURNER means well, and is fluent, but his fluency is rather that of the gossip than the man of thought. He should not have courted the verdicts of critics, for, if honest, they must disappoint him. We are sure that he will understand we speak in all kindness, when we advise him not again to publish, though he may continue to cultivate letters as a relaxation from sterner duties. A specimen equally of his readiness and of the absence of poetry in what he writes, are the following lines, which we select solely on account of their brevity:

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

When a lady desires some poetry written,
Her album's gay pages to fill,
And the bard's stupid brains seem with lethargy smitten,
How can he the object fulfil?

Dear lady! now this is precisely my case;
In rhyming I cannot succeed;
Vouchsafe to me, then, your indulgence and grace,
And think of the *will*, not the *deed*!

Poets are not always strictly logical; but, to expect other than "lethargy" from "stupid brains," betrays an innocence of the art of reasoning, which is astonishing, even in a poet! The following two verses are from a piece "Written on the first page of My Wife's Album:"

Whatsoever the thoughts,
Now your heart possessing,
Your labour will be sweet,
While those thoughts expressing.
And the willing lay,
From each poetic yearner,
Will thankfully be prized,
By Mrs. William Gurner!

And, perchance, by all the little GURNERS? It is evident that "Mr. G." is a famous domestic poet, or poet; and with domestic fame he ought to have been satisfied.—*The Drunkard; a Poem*, by JOHN O'NEILL, has reached a fourth edition, and is much praised by the advocates and devotees of teetotalism. Its picturings are said to have suggested to GEORGE CRUIKSHANK the pencillings which have become so famous under the title of *The Bottle*.—*The Triumph of Temperance* is a new epic, by the same author. It will probably please those for whom O'NEILL writes, and make converts to his faith those among the dissipated orders who are sufficiently refined to appreciate it, and who would probably feel deeply interested in the author's early and painful trials as the son of misfortune and poverty. There are many creditable passages in the poem, which has purpose, directness, and buoyancy to recommend it, as well as earnestness and feeling; but it wants polish, and has too much of the "good hatred" of the DOUGLAS JERROLD school. But this will be one of its greatest recommendations to the dissipated grumbler. We quote a stanza:

Visit our glorious Senate—there the Fiend
Gloats on the people's sorrows; acts are made,
By which the nation's interests are resigned,
To work the views of this destructive trade.
Who are the framers? interested knaves!
That from the vitals of the country draw
Resources, which a tortured land enslaves;
Who gained their seats by bribes and bludgeon law,
Squander the nation's wealth, and acts of right o'erawe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annals and Legends of Calais, with Sketches of Emigré Notabilities and Memoir of Lady Hamilton. By ROBERT BELL CALTON. London: J. R. Smith.

THE *Annals and Legends of Calais* awaken associations of more than ordinary interest to the English reader, for it is not without difficulty that we divest ourselves of an impression that we have yet some claim to this portion of France. Its corresponding white cliffs indicate that it is a fragment of our native isle, severed by nature as it were for the use and behoof of *Englishmen*—a stepping-stone to the continent. But Calais has other associations in which even the unlearned and the untravelled may participate. It was here that the sentiment of STERNE developed itself, and we dwell with pleasure on the description of sensations experienced by the most eccentric of English writers on his first landing in France. *The Monk*, *The Remise*, and *Monsieur Dessin* are still fresh in our memories, nor can the questionable morality of the *The Sentimental Journey* ever sink its intrinsic value upon the public. Whatever, then, may be the merit of the work before us, its name alone has a claim to our attention.

Mr. CALTON dates his *Annals* no further back than the year 1346, "when EDWARD marched upon Calais from the red fields of Cressy, and gave vigorous and determined siege to that place." The ostensible plea for the conquest was, the

daring acts of the numerous pirates who had hitherto found such security in the haven and defences of Calais, that the town, in the opinion of Mr. CALTON, might fairly have been termed the *Algiers* of the Channel.

These rovers at length so roused the ire of the warlike and enterprising monarch, that with the concurrence of the people he resolved to possess himself of their stronghold, being quite alive to the advantages of its position as a landing-place and naval depot during the then pending hostilities.

As the importance of the conquest had often been discussed in council in the preceding reign, the disinterested motive assigned by the author in another part of the work is scarcely borne out by the facts here stated. EDWARD, no doubt, was willing to oblige his subjects by exterminating such troublesome enemies, and the more especially as it afforded him a virtuous pretext for carrying out the views of his predecessor, and thereby adding to his dominions a desirable seaport on the French coast.

The most memorable event in the capitulation of Calais is, of course, dilated upon, and the author has shown how easy it is to get up a pathetic tale of patriotism or valour if the heroic deeds of the principal actors be highly coloured, and the picture of distress be mellowed by the lapse of a few centuries. We never look upon the historical engraving of the Surrender of Calais that we do not secretly wish that the ropes had been transferred from the "virtuous citizens" to the necks of the "nobull captaynes" who, to preserve their own lives awhile longer, thrust out of the city gates in the face of an enraged enemy, "seventeen hundred of the poorest and least serviceable of the people, and finally closed them upon them," and as if this cowardly act of selfish barbarity was not sufficient, when still further pressed, these very loyal subjects put forth five hundred more of the sick and feeble that the garrison might hold out to the utmost extremity. The terms offered by EDWARD were mild in comparison with the provocation he had received, and they ought to have been insisted on. By this act of clemency EDWARD betrayed a weakness which, however amiable in others, is disgraceful in the character of a king.

In the event of the capture of Calais the king expressed his determination to re-people it with English, and it "speedily became to all intents a complete English borough, its male population being esteemed as burgesses, whilst the town itself, governed by a mayor and corporation, and in due time represented in the home Parliament by two members of the House of Commons, was planned and named in perfect unison with their sympathies." In proof of this, lists of streets, public buildings, &c. are given as they were named and existed in the year 1556, two years previously to the recapture of the town by the French under the Duke de GUISE.

During the two centuries that Calais was in the possession of the English, its keeping was entrusted to men of the foremost rank in this country. But amidst all this host of distinguished personages the name of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "Last of the Barons," gleams on the musty archives of the place as if written in uncials of fire! After his decisive rupture with his sovereign, so exquisitely drawn by Bulwer, the "King maker," retired to his post across the Channel, where he maintained a state and retinue, a court, in fact, little less regal and splendid than his liege lord and master at home.

The only relic of antiquity that appears to connect Calais with an era before its possession by the Counts of Boulogne, is the *Tour du Guet*, or watch tower, said to have been built originally by the Romans. Amongst the many vicissitudes to which this relic of past days has been exposed, was its being vertically divided into two parts by the shock of an earthquake in the year 1580, and the watchman left in the half which remained standing!

THE COURGAIN.

A singular little colony of fishermen and their families who, upon the "give an inch" and "take an ell" system, have, by degrees, located themselves upon what was nothing more nor less than an ancient bastion of the fortification, till at length it was formally, if reluctantly, made over to them in 1622, and walled round the following year. This clannish little parish has its own customs, *patois*, and superstitions, and is the *beau idéal* of an exclusive fishing town; as exclusive it assuredly is, even to the intermarriage and intercourse of its people.

Calais, it appears, was remarkable at one time for its frequent public executions. These spec-

tacles, which are supposed to be indicative of a high state of civilization, were generally perpetrated beyond the walls of the town, on a spot which might properly be called the Tyburn of Calais.

On the left of the road towards Boulogne, the traveller shuddered as he passed the ghastly gibbet and wheel, both being seldom if ever unfurnished, as we are informed, by the mouldering remains of the traitor, the spy, or the robber.

It was by the hands of the headsman of Calais that the fair neck of the lovely and unfortunate ANNA BOLEYN was severed by the sword; the first time it is said that that weapon was used instead of the axe in England.

The mutilated remains of Anna Boleyn were indelicately thrown into a chest of elm made to contain arrows, and buried within the blood-stained precincts of the Tower, the royal murderer, her husband, marrying Jane Seymour the very next day!

This chapter contains some interesting anecdotes of ANNA BOLEYN and of the "early loves" of CHARLES BRANDON, and the Princess MARY, the *reine blanche* of LEWIS XII., which will be read with pleasure by the lovers of historical gossip.

Mr. CALTON's volume would, have been more in keeping if he had closed it with the twenty-first chapter. His information of the present state of the lace trade at Calais is made subservient to the introduction of his opinions on the great political question of the present day. His facts can be of little service to his party whatever truth there may be in his statements. Free Trade will hardly be disturbed by a single legend from Calais.

Still more objectionable and out of place are his two chapters on Emigré Notabilities; for who wishes to recal the sayings and doings of the Tuftons and Dormers, and Brummels of by-gone days, or be told how they "cooked their goose" on the other side of the Channel after they had done their creditors on this. One of these worthies, we are informed, had a morbid penchant for executions, his museum exhibiting a strange array of halters, fetters, and other sickening relics of the gallows.

Being a personal friend of FAUTLEROY, the executed forger, JEMMY URQUHART practised the greatest act of self-denial ever recorded of him through life, he having actually endeavoured to aid the wretched man to commit self-destruction in prison, and generously waived the gratification of seeing him "turned off."

For this purpose he conveyed a quill full of prussic acid into Newgate, and begged FAUTLEROY to make use of it when not noticed by the guards in his cell, but the condemned and un-nerved man fell upon URQUHART's shoulder and declared he had not the courage to commit the act, and that he must meet the fate that awaited him. Whereupon JEMMY, relieved from further qualms, and "actuated by the best of motives," hired a window immediately opposite the scaffold, and witnessed the last moments of his friend as if assisting at the farewell appearance of some favourite actor! (p. 177.)

The author concludes his volume with a "Memoir of Lady HAMILTON," made up of extracts from some "sketchy memorial of the hour," being a portion of the fragments put into his hands by M. de RHEIMS. Lady HAMILTON is chiefly remembered by her disreputable, though probably political, connection with the Hero of Trafalgar. She had been some time notorious for her profligacy before she was made an honest woman in marrying Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON—a fit husband it is true for a lady of her easy virtue—but even this tie could not keep her constant. It was her "fate," we presume, to make a slave of NELSON by her "overpowering infatuation," and to share with the sister of the unhappy MARIE ANTOINETTE "for years in wielding the destinies of Naples."

We think Mr. CALTON has shown himself much too zealous an advocate for "poor Lady HAMILTON," nor do we see the force of an argument intended to awaken the sympathy of the present generation in the one solitary fact in her favour, that NELSON, in the simplicity of his heart, bequeathed this companion of his adultery as a "legacy" to his country. The minister would have violated his trust if he had recommended a provision for so worthless a bequest, neither do we think that Mr. CALTON is justified in the sneer thrown out against the Reverend Gentleman who was so fortunate as to inherit the wealth of his illustrious ancestor. If a minister of state shrunk

from giving encouragement to vice, how much more did it behave a minister of the gospel to keep himself clear from pollution? Nor could he have done so if he had given relief to the "ere-while nursery-maid" "Amazon" "Lecturer's model," "transferred mistress," and open *adulteress*, because she was the adored mistress of a popular hero! The levity with which Mr. CALTON treats these vicissitudes in the life of his heroine may be seen in the account of the lady's transfer from one lover to another:

This was accomplished through a little family barter—a species of free-trade in the mart of Cupid, carried on to a considerable extent during the openly immoral eighteenth century.

It seems that Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, K.B., our ambassador at the Court of Naples, and uncle to Mr. GREVILLE, had visited the house of his nephew but to be consumed by the speaking eyes of the lady who did its honours.

Being remarkable for his fine taste and appreciation of everything relating to art from a cameo to a *prima donna*, the gay virtuoso who so long had resided on volcanic ground, coveted the fine specimen of health and beauty he found in his relative's cabinet, as he would have desired to possess the Carlo Dolce over his chimney-piece—if he found his entertainer in the mind to part with either.

In this gentlemanlike confidential spirit the

uncle and nephew discussed "the little matter over their *Chateau Margaux* whilst the fair subject of their chat delighted them with a sonata of MOZART's from the adjoining room. As the coffee was announced Sir WILLIAM handed his host and relative a cheque for a very large amount, and the transfer of our Lancashire witch from the cabinet of Mr. GREVILLE to the possession of the Vice President of the Dilettanti Club was completed:" (p. 191.) As an instance of the vicissitudes in the lives of two celebrated characters we extract the following remarkable occurrences:

Lady Hamilton's fellow-servant in Dr. Budd's family was a housemaid who eventually became Mrs. Powell, the celebrated actress of Drury Lane Theatre, and when many years afterwards Lady Hamilton, then in the meridian of her power and beauty, visited Drury Lane with her husband, the admiration of the house was divided between the accomplished actress on the stage and the no less fascinating one in her own box—the housemaid and nursery girl of Chatham Place—a coincidence in the annals of domestic servitude that may safely be asserted to be without a parallel.

Of the Calais notabilities the only *roué* who has the least claim to our respect is Mr. APPERLEY, the Nimrod of the sporting world. His *Life of Jack Mytton* is worth a hundred homilies, and should be placed in the hands of every young man of fortune and promise in the kingdom.

Some of the anecdotes in these chapters may be new to the general reader, and so far they may assist to sell the work, but the introduction of such materials by no means adds to the classical character of the volume.

Green Leaves, are short essays familiarly written, and on trite topics, as "When to Stop," "Working and Waiting," "Kind Words," &c. They are youthful as well in thought as in expression.—*Plain Instructions for every Person to make a Will*, are improved by the addition of a statement of the new law relative to the signing of wills. The reports of proceedings in the Law Courts do not justify us in recommending any one but a lawyer to make his own will.—Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM has edited a little work and entitled it *The Temperance Offering*. It consists of tales, essays, and poetry, furnished gratuitously by Temperance writers. Among them are Mrs. HALL's "Backslider," a skilful sketch of Irish character; and "The Drunkard's Daughter," by M. A. DENISON. Miss CLARA BALFOUR, Dr. JABEZ BURNS, and Mrs. SIGOURNEY are also among the contributors to this brochure, the contents of which are superior in tone and polish to most of the "temperance" books.—Mr. THOMAS WILSON has issued a pamphlet, in cloth covers, entitled *England's Foreign Policy, or Grey-Whigs and Cotton-Whigs*. The purpose of the tirade is to prove that Whig management has brought England into disrepute on the Continent, and that only a change in our mode of procedure can effect an improvement in our reputation.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE's is a name now almost as well known in this country as Washington Irving's, and a new work by him is expected with as lively an impatience as if he were a popular novelist of our own. The American Journals announce as on its way through the press, and soon to be delivered to the public, a new book of Hawthorne's, not this time a fiction, but a biography, and a biography of a living man, General Franklin Pierce, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Pierce is a person comparatively unknown, and the emergence from obscurity consequent on his candidature, has not tended to exalt his character in the eyes of indifferent on-lookers; for his enemies are roundly asserting that he was guilty of cowardice in the course of the American invasion of Mexico; while his friends, although they indignantly and justly rebut that charge, have no civil or military achievement of his to point to with pride and exultation. Already, accordingly, an outcry has been raised against Hawthorne, for sinking from the lofty elevation of a famed and successful novelist, to the level of a pamphleteer, in mixing himself up with the ephemeral brawls of American electioneering. It turns out, however, that Hawthorne was a school and college-friend of Pierce's, and it is hinted that in the forthcoming biography, the novelist's early experiences are to be turned to useful account, as in the *Blithedale Romance*. There the aspirations theoretical and practical, of Young America, were enwoven into a fiction which must have done infinite good in opening the eyes of the youthful dupes of a pretentious and fantastic Transcendentalism. Here, though more mildly and delicately, since the fictitious form is discarded, and the life of a public man is to be delineated, it is possible that the picture of the seething-ultra-democracy of American college-existence will, though perhaps less entertaining, be not less profitable. Hawthorne is one of the few intellectual Americans who have left behind them the extravagances of Transcendentalism without being doomed to nourish feelings of remorse or disappointment, or being impelled to still more dangerous companionship with the impracticable and absurd. What a difference between him and Orlando Brownson, who has just republished in a collective form a volume of *Essays and Reviews, Chiefly on Theology, Politics, and Socialism*! Brownson is a very clever, accomplished, and resolute man, who was brought up a strict Presbyterian, then became a Unitarian and Universalist, presently, falling among New England Transcendentalists, he out-Hegelized Hegel, and out-Proudhonized Proudhon. Now, he is an Ultra-Romanist, and is commencing a platform-crusade against Protestantism, like which there has been nothing

so insane since Don Quixote took the field. It would be easy to draw a contrast between the career of Dr. Brownson and Dr. Newman—but this is scarcely the place for biographico-theological disquisition. So let us finish up what we have to say of Literature in the States, with mention of a new fact in a very different region from Brownson's; namely, that Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., of New York, have offered 300l. for the early copy of Tom Moore's *Letters and Journals*, now in course of editing by our Lord John Russell, and to be published by our Messrs. Longman. The latter are reported to have given three thousand pounds to Moore's widow for her husband's papers, without speaking of his Lordship's remuneration, which probably will not be much less than a year's salary as Prime Minister. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., expect the whole for three hundred. Lucky American publishers!

While all the world is admiring the fictitious heroism of the principal negro-figures of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a French traveller and litterateur has been painting, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, Negrodrom in an emancipated state, such as Hayti shows it, and certainly the picture is not an encouraging one. His latest is a lively and diverting paper upon what he calls *La Littérature Jaune*, for Hayti has a literature of a kind, and that chiefly dramatic. Of late years, however, the Haytian Drama has suffered from the French invasion which our Theatrical critics so deplore, and in the case of Hayti, the invasion has been the more successful, inasmuch as conquerors and conquered speak the same language, and there is no call either for translation or adaptation. When the present "Emperor," Faustin I., heard that the Emperor Napoleon (I.) encouraged the drama, he, too, resolved to encourage it for his part, and opened negotiations for the hire of a French troupe. But the Imperial finances had been so terribly impaired by prior and sadly expensive imitations of Napoleon, that they could not afford the stipend demanded by Paris histrionists. However, M. Scribe (the Emperor Faustin's favorite dramatic author) continues to be steadily acted, the Haytian national guards taking the parts, both male and female! And at the popular festivals of the Haytians, the mimetic instinct of the people has endenized among them the improvised representations of sacred scenes, exactly resembling the mediæval mysteries of Europe. Altogether, the article is well worth reading, and though it deals more with Haytian literature than with Haytian life, there are many incidental revelations of the latter, which may tend to modify conclusions too hastily drawn during the perusal of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that "wondrous work," as one of the advertisements calls it.

Indeed almost everywhere you go now-a-days, you hear of some new marvellous development of

Negro human nature. Thus the German Rhine-land, and even the best German newspapers, are full of the fame of a negro-actor who has lately turned up in those parts, and is playing Shakespearean characters to "crowded audiences" of delighted Rhenish Teutons. Mr. Aldridge, for such is the name of the new phenomenon, has rather a curious history. His father was the son of a negro-prince on the banks of the Senegal, and was early conveyed to America by some missionaries, and educated there for the American ministry. The present actor was intended also for the clerical profession; but his histrionic instincts were too powerful for him, and gratified with much difficulty they led him as a player to England where some of our readers may remember to have seen him many years ago. It is now, however, and in Germany that he has first been eminently successful; and the German critics lavish their admiration on his performances of *Zanga in Revenge*, *Mungo in The Padlock*, and above all of *Othello*. He plays white parts also; but his black ones better suit the German taste. Some of our managers should engage him forthwith for a dramatized version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*!

The French used to be reproached for their intellectual isolation, their exclusive attention to their own literature, their foolish idolatry of the unities and needless Alexandrines. But the widespread activity now of the French intellect, the industry with which it transplants and reproduces the products of the remotest literatures from China to Peru, may well put us to shame. What is known in England of the modern literature of Russia, of Karamsin, of Joukovsky, even of Pushkin? Their very names, we dare to say, sound utterly strange in the ears of nine out of every ten of our readers. The fabulist Kriloff, the La Fontaine, and more than the La Fontaine of Russia, died but in 1845, and here already the French have from the skilful pen of Mr. Alfred Bougeault, a French volume containing his *Life and Fables (Kryloff ou le La Fontaine Russe, sa vie et ses fables)*. Kriloff stands out from the band of illustrious Russian authors to which he belongs, peculiar in the humbleness of his origin and upbringing, whereas most of the others have been men of considerable social position. The lasher of the vices, follies, and foibles of his age and country, he lived to see eighty thousand copies of his *fables* sold; he was caressed by two Emperors, Alexander and Nicholas; on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday a public dinner was given to him, at which the *élite* of the empire was present; and when the poet's health was proposed, the Minister of Public Instruction rose, presented him with a congratulatory letter from the Czar Nicholas, and affixed to his breast the insignia of the order of St. Stanislas. Long

before, he had been appointed to a high situation in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, to which the Czar Alexander added a pension of 3,000 roubles. Seemingly, the Guild of Literature and Art would not have much room for its activity in "barbarous" Russia!

The "publishing season" does not appear to have begun yet in Germany; at least its literary announcements and exports are few and far between. Hackländer, its chief light novelist, (whose *Namenlose Geschichten* have been read, admired, and reviewed even in England), is bringing out a new novel, in the serial fashion common with us, but which now for the first time introduced into Germany "forms an era" in its publishing history. Auerbach, its chief heavy novelist, also well known here, has been plunging into the autumnal depths of his native forests, the source of his inspiration, such as that is. The great Humboldt has been having still another birthday celebrated, and is hard at work on still another volume of *Cosmos*. General von Radowitz, noted both in politics and literature, has brought out a second volume of his reflections on Prussian history since the February Revolution. The General is said to be a man exerting great influence in what are called "high quarters." All the better therefore, that he boldly and bravely continues his denunciations of the folly of attempting to stifle democracy, not by feasible reforms, but by tightness of police-legislation.

In France, a chief literary novelty is a governmental one, the appearance of a decree in the *Moniteur*, ordaining the preparation and publication of a "General Collection of the Popular Poetry of France." It is to include songs and ballads, shorter and longer, religious, martial, festal, historical, legendary, narrative, satirical, whether printed or manuscript, or living merely on the lips of the population. The collecting, selecting, editing, translating, and commenting, is to be entrusted to a committee, connected with the Ministry of Public Instruction, which has under its care all national matters relating to the language, history, and arts of France. In order to stimulate to miscellaneous communications, a commemorative medal is to be struck, and bestowed upon the persons who shall be deemed to have been the most valuable contributors to the collection. Napoleon the Great entertained (in imitation of Charlemagne) a similar design, and the Minister of Public Instruction, in his address to the Prince-President, ascribes to the latter the honour of reviving it. The taste of France cannot be so limited as it has been thought to be, when its Minister of Public Instruction writes thus of its popular songs: "In these lays, which not only exhibit vestiges of events in the national history, but, further, model-specimens of beauties too long unknown, we shall gladly find once more a freshness of genius which belongs only to some happy epochs. By contact with the naive expression of the antique French minds, our literature will perhaps be surprised into blushing for the false refinements in which its subtle genius sometimes goes astray." The British Government spending its millions upon a Record Commission, and its thousands upon Blue Books (for the benefit of the butter-shops), cannot, of course, afford anything for an enterprise like that!

Lamennais and George Sand were once bosom friends; indeed, the latter called herself a disciple of the author of the *Paroles d'un Croyant*. But now they are far enough apart, for George Sand is squabbling with the Paris critics about her comedy at the Gymnase, and Lamennais—is translating Dante into French prose. The quarrel between Madame Sand and the critics is waxing hotter, as new combatants enter the arena. Madame may be wrong, but she is one against many, and a woman—a woman, moreover, that does not need our sympathy or our pity, for she seems well able to fight her own battles. Lamennais' translation will, no doubt, be a fine one, like all that comes from his pen; like the translation of the New Testament into French which he has already published. A strange career has been his; spiritually, the exact reverse of Dr. Brownson's. Lamennais was first known as the Abbé, the fierce, impetuous, eloquent defender of Popery and the Papacy in the *Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion*, a serious call to the unconverted of the Restoration. Presently, he quarrelled with the Pope, exchanged Romanism for a strange theosophic eleutheromanian republicanism, which produced the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, and the *Libre du Peuple*:—the best and clearest of his works, produced in lucid intervals of pure meditation, being the *Esquisses d'une Philosophie nouvelle*.

When the February Revolution came, he was elected a member, but his proposed "Constitution" was rejected; and since then the whole republican fabric has been dashed to pieces. Dante is fit company for a man in such a mood as his must be! Indeed, the great Florentine's influence seems to be extending itself in France, for two new products of the French press are works more or less relating to him: *On Art in Italy*; *Dante Alighieri and the Divine Comedy*, by the Baron Paul Drouilhet de Sigalas, and M. Charles Calémard de La Fayette's *Dante, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli*, the latter of which has had a brief notice in our own columns.

Charles Nisard has published the work we some time ago announced: *Le Triumvirat Littéraire au seizième siècle* ("The Literary Triumvirate of the sixteenth century.") *Justus Lipsius, J. Scaliger, Casaubon*. With the minute zeal of a Disraeli (the Elder) he details the history of their book-worm lives, their pedant joys and sorrows, and terrible word-combats. Nisard is a Tory in literature, and looks back with fond regret to the Literary Life of the seventeenth century, when newspapers and "gentlemen who do the literary notices" as yet were not. The acerbity in truth with which he inveighs against the literature and literary men of the nineteenth century would do honour to the furious Scaliger himself; but poor M. Nisard after all has some just reason to complain. At the epoch of the February Revolution, he occupied comfortable apartments in the Tuileries, well stocked with books and manuscripts, and sate among them plodding and penning as if the age of pedantry had not gone; and Scaliger's was still the standard of intellectual giantism. Suddenly came the shock of the revolutionary earthquake; Louis Philippe fell from his throne; and poor Nisard's manuscripts and books were thrown out of window, lost, stolen, and spoiled. *Hine ille lachrymæ!*

"Darley" is a name once well-known in connection with criticism on the fine arts, but we thought the critic who bore it had left the world; here, however, comes a "G. H. Darley" writing in excellent French and in an excellent French periodical on the Royal Academy Exhibition for the current year. English in name, he is French in his artistic sympathies, as is evidenced in the following remarks on Mr. Armitage's *Hagar* and religious painting in England.

Although a good many of the works exhibited this year in London aim at the high in art, there is only one of which it can be said that the result in some degree corresponds with the intention; in which the artist seems to have understood how to aim at producing an epic work, and the author of the picture in question, Mr. Armitage, is a pupil of the French school. His *Hagar in the Wilderness* recalls many of the fine features of his masters' works; it is powerfully drawn, and excellently conceived; there are breathed from it a wildness and sombre vigour which harmonize with the mournful character of the episode. But sacred subjects require in the artist who handles them either a very intense religious sentiment, or an organization specially gifted—to express the grand and elevated. If a breath of pious fervour does not spread over the picture that pure and chaste expression which hallows even the humblest figures of a Hemelink; if, in the absence of that, there comes not, filling the canvas, a character of solemn majesty, as in the masterpieces of the Italians, then the result obtained is merely the magnificent monument of a complete failure, a failure the more evident in proportion to the plastic resource which the painter has brought into play. The picture has gone high; but it wants the one thing needful; it wants that which would have lifted it out of mere cleverness into the region of the sublime.

Contemplating its requisitions in this light, we are of opinion that the English school has not hitherto shone in the department of religious art. It is not, however, that faith is wanting: England is indisputably one of the most religious countries in the world; but its fervour is entirely directed to prayer and preaching; and the reaction of the Puritan epoch has so rigidly moulded it that even yet the representation of scriptural personages excites a feeling of general repugnance. Again, the habitual training of the English painter has diverted talent from those severe studies, the discipline of which can alone fit the artist for the loftiest flights. As a result, there are in this year's exhibition some twenty pictures of which the subjects have been taken from scripture, and, with the exception of *Hagar* and one or two others, all of them show that the religious theme has been selected rather, as it were, by accident. It was chosen by the painter, because it lent itself to some effect of colouring or grouping; he had it not chiefly in his mind to strike the solemn and mysterious chords which respond to similar themes.

France.

La Dame aux Camelias. Par M. A. DUMAS, FILS. Paris. 1851.

La Dame aux Camelias. Vaudeville. Par M. A. DUMAS, FILS. 1852.

Un Caprice de Grande Dame. Par le Marquis de FOUDRAS. Paris. 1851.

HOWEVER excellent may be the principles which repel men from the discussion of delicate questions of morality, much more serious danger is likely to accrue to society from the neglect of them, than from the fullest and freest ratiocination. No sort of vice can ever be ameliorated by being left unmentioned. Indeed, vices, like diseases, must be carefully looked into and examined; and it is as absurd to await the cure of a moral complaint by neglecting it, as it would be to treat an aggravated cancer by leaving it uncured for and untouched. The prudery of thought and speech which affects a nervous horror at the very name of that which is questionable, is too often, we fear, converted into a cloak for a secret prurency of imagination; and the great moralist, BALZAC, very justly observed that those women are the most hopelessly depraved who cry out against the mention of vice as if an attack were being made upon themselves. "Nice men," said SWIFT, "nice men are men of nasty ideas;" and never do we more strongly suspect the existence of viciousness concealed in the heart, than when we find the tongue carefully schooled into a strained and unnatural propriety. None are so swift to detect the double-meaning, the concealed obscenity, as they to whom practice has rendered such matters familiar; while the words of the "pure in heart" flow on unchecked by guile, and often fall into such straits as grievously wound the delicacy of the depraved. Seeing, then, that the perusal of French literature has become very general in this kingdom, and that certain portions of that literature seem set apart for the propagation of the most frightful vices and the most depraved principles; observing, moreover, that this looseness of morals appears more or less to have affected certain of our own writers, we deem it right to offer a few words of warning and of blame, if only to recall certain principles of decency to mind which have apparently become utterly forgotten. It is idle to say that by drawing attention to the works in question we shall be doing irreparable harm, that we shall be giving information which will only increase the evil we deplore; the names of these books are already far too well known to make the mention of them dangerous; they swarm in the large circulating libraries of the metropolis, and the power of evil to advertise itself is so swift and strong that they are already perfectly familiar to most of the readers of French literature in this country.

To place the question upon the simplest possible basis, we will concede that the authors of whom we complain have depicted nothing that is not perfectly true to nature; we admit their accuracy; and then we come to the most important point, how far it is wise or salutary to illustrate the entire truth? Whether, if truth be good, the whole truth be not fearfully pernicious? "What faults have the critics found out?" said DON CLEOPHAS. "A hundred thousand," replied ASMODEUS. "But what?" "They say that all the characters are vicious, and that the author has painted manners too minutely." "Then, by Jove, they are not far wrong! the manners do appear to me a little too free." It may be that authors lay the flattering unction to their souls that, by making vices the subject-matter of their books, they are giving those lessons of experience which are the great end and object of the drama and the romance. Such a plea may, indeed, avail the satirist when he holds up the vices of his age to ridicule and reprobation. Such a plea may excuse JUVENAL when he describes the obscene orgies of MESSALINA, or PETRONIUS ARBITER, when he disgusts us with ENCOLPIUS, or makes us laugh over the supper of TRIMALCHION. Such a plea may excuse MOLIERE for the vicious sentiments he utters through the mouth of TARTUFFE, or FIELDING for some of the scenes in *Tom Jones*, but it will avail CASANOVA, and LOUVET, the Marquis de FOUDRAS and PAUL DE KOCK very little indeed. These authors, and *hoc genus omne*, whether they make heroines out of the most shameless of their sex, or relate, after the fashion of one of our own modern literati, the vulgar excesses of a debauched medical student in his pilgrimage to the shrines of the Chateau Rouge and the Chaumière, have no excuse to offer besides that natural depravity of taste which has taken away from them the perception of the delicate, that natural impudence of mind which has prompted them to void the overflowings of their impure imaginations in the sight of the whole world.

The most pernicious effect likely to arise from the spread of this class of books is a contempt for the holy state of matrimony. By one of the most popular French romances of the day, *La Dame aux Camelias*, written by M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, and in

the *vaudeville* of the same name, written by the same author, a courtesan has received a double apotheosis from the Drama and Romance. *La Dame aux Camelias*! What a delicate phrase! What a pregnancy of meaning! The very perfection of a *mot spirituel*! "A *Dame aux Camelias*," says M. A. DUMAS himself, "is the personification of monied love, love in a brougham and amused at great expense, love greedy of enjoyments and of noise, of gold chains and rich suppers, of sensual, gormandizing, egoistic love, without passion and without orthography, which touches the heart only through the waistcoat pocket." This is the love which M. A. DUMAS, the younger, has placed under the patronage of the most luxurious, most expensive and most fleeting of flowers. The *mot* has passed into a proverb, and many a mouth which never could have been induced to distort itself into pronouncing the coarser and more common epithets for the species, will now talk mincingly about *Une Dame aux Camelias*.

Vice is a very old occupant of the Theatre. Intrigues, adultery, venal love et toutes ces choses là, are not new to the stage; the only thing that has changed is the manner of dressing them up. This has tended more than anything else to bring the theatre into grave disrepute, and when the world, judging of the whole class by a part of the same unfortunately conspicuous, imagined that it was no uncommon thing for actors to carry into real life the vices they impersonated upon the stage, we only wonder that the theatre has not become more unpopular than it really is. Where the danger lies is not so much in introducing corrupt characters upon the stage, but in surrounding them with such a veil of sentiment and pathos that they usurp all the interest of the drama, all the sympathy of the audience, and all the talent of the author. With what skill and delicacy have the masters of dramatic art contrived to cause characters to be tolerated, even applauded upon the stage, which, were it not for the influence of their creative genius, could never have withstood the common sense of delicacy in the public! *Angelique de Sottenville*, in *MOLIERE'S Georges Dandin*, and *La Baronne de Porcador* in *Turcaret*, are characters very little likely to serve the cause of virtue; the *Marion Delorme* of *VICTOR HUGO* is nothing but a courtesan of the very first water; and if M. EMILE AUGIER has recurred to four hundred years before the Christian era for a heroine to his *Joueur de Flute*, *Lili*, differs in no respect for her present successors in the craft:—

D'un vient ce bracelet? d'un prêt ou d'un archonte?
Ce bandeau? ce collier? • Ah! tout vient de la honte.

It is a very grave question, and one equally worthy the attention of the moralist and of the literary student, how far the introduction upon the stage of vicious manners should be permitted; and if this question could be satisfactorily answered, some principles might be deduced upon which the Lord Chamberlain might intelligently act in giving or refusing his licence for the production of dramatic works. That they cannot be entirely excluded is very obvious, because morality can no more be taught without mention being made of vice than can the navigation of any particular sea without information of the sunken rocks and shallows. The evil lies in exciting the sympathy rather than the pity of the audience; in making them feel *with*, and not *for*, these *camelias*. It is a strange lesson thus taught upon the stage. We are led to pity MARGUERITE GAUTIER (*La dame aux Camelias*) because she is consumptive and spits blood. She enters the Temple of Vice by the golden door, and when the skilful moralist would seek only to excite disgust for the vice, but pity for the vicious, the maudlin feelings ever ready to bubble up in the minds of the thoughtless, are interested by what is called a *redeeming love* to be found in this woman. And what think ye is this redeeming love? She has a lover who pays, and a lover who pays not. She obtains from the one jewels and shawls which she pawns to pay the debts of the other. In England we should call this by a less sentimental name. We will content ourselves with styling it rather a *pledging love*.

We cannot give a more striking example of the manner in which these unhealthy sympathies are excited than by referring to the death-scene of MARGUERITE GAUTIER, for she dies of her consumption under the very foot-lights. Why is that scene so painfully prolonged? Why are the symptoms and crises and treatment of the fell malady elaborated with such fidelity that a medical student might take from them a profitable lesson in therapeutics? Is it not for the purpose of exciting those tears so ready to flow at the bidding of simulated misery, so slow to fall at prosaical every-day sorrow? *Ces pleureuses des loges, si fières de leurs larmes*, as J. J. ROUSSEAU sarcastically called them, will weep abundantly when they see Madame DOCHÉ elaborating with all the powers of her art, a scene of agony dreadfully truthful; but are they any the more prompted thereby to visit the couch of the real sufferer, to smooth the pillow of the truly penitent? As to the morality of this death, very little can be said; the priest comes first, the lover afterwards; *Marguerite* dies

with her affairs in the most frightful disorder, in the wildest confusion of conscience. *Nicette* exclaims, as she closes her eyes, "*Il lui sera beaucoup pardonné, parce qu'elle a beaucoup aimé*;" the pardon bestowed upon the really repentant thief is impiously given to one who repents not, and all Paris melts into tears at this modern martyrdom, this nightly apotheosis.

Since putting together the framework of the above remarks we have been delighted by the perusal of an article written by M. JULES JANIN, as a sort of introduction to a literary almanack. This article, which has been reprinted into the *feuilleton* of *Indépendance Belge*, is a brilliant summary of all the remarkable events that have taken place in the literary world of Paris during this present year, 1852. It is written with all that generosity of soul, that strength of will, that rational, daring, impetuous spirit for which M. JULES JANIN is so remarkable. Hear what he, the CORYPHÆUS of the French critics, says of this *Dame aux Camelias*! If, indeed, it be possible to render the sense of his fervid, untranslatable French, into our tongue.

Immediately she appeared, this *dame aux camelias*, under the features of a young, beautiful and fashionable actress, surrounded, she also, with every prestige of public favour. All Paris was melted into tears! Men spoke of nothing but this *dame aux camelias*; they swore by her; she was the life and pre-occupation of an entire people; never did queen cause so deep a mourning to be worn; never did young innocent virgin, shut up in the silent tomb before her hour, cause so many bitter tears to be shed. For a hundred consecutive evenings, the agony and the death of this woman became truly a public grief. They struggled to lay a hand upon her pall, as they would to touch the winding-sheet of a saint! Oh! the fools and the simpletons who prostrated themselves at this apotheosis of license and of crime! Oh! the senseless dolts who wept over the death of a courtesan as they would never have wept for Iphigenia! Oh! the glorious answer to be given to that posterity which is now commencing, when it asks, *what did France do in 1852?* She poured out, they will tell, all her tears upon the tomb of a kept mistress; she could not console herself for the *dame aux camelias*, so she despoiled the most beautiful gardens in Paris, that this profane beauty might be buried nightly beneath the flowers she loved.

In offering a few words upon modern romances, we shall not select any specimens from the works of PAUL DE KOCK. There is observable, we think, in every page of this author, a vulgar *banalité*, destitute of anything like wit, which may render him a great favourite with the *grisettes*, but which can only repel persons of anything like decent taste. He has his copyist in our own literature, but we pass over both the copy and the prototype with the contemptuous silence they merit. The MARQUIS DE FOUDRAS has higher claims to our attention. There is a presence of something like refinement about this corruptor of the public morals, and his dangerous principles are well and epigrammatically worded. His novel, *Un caprice de Grande Dame*, will furnish a thousand conspicuous examples of this.

"Young men! young men!" says the courtesan Arsène Guiscard, "mistake those women who are not talked about, for they commit the most horrible atrocities. They are supposed to be irreproachable, because they never suffer themselves to be compromised by too long a courtship. It is not the defeat that betrays us, but the struggle; when there is no struggle all remains secret, and, by keeping up the appearance of virtue, they pass their lives tranquilly in the full enjoyment of the sweet realities of passion."

If virtue itself cannot escape slander because she looks virtuous, marriage cannot hope to escape. What think you of the following *sortie* against the holy estate? The courtesan is still the speaker.

It happens perpetually that a man comes to me in the evening, and complains that his wife bores him, while that very morning one of his friends has confided to me that he found her excessively amusing. These ladies are capital housewives; they economize at home that they may spend all the more freely abroad.

The following conversation between the Marquise de Lydonne and her *cavalier servente*, M. de Taillebourg, is very instructive. The husband of Madame de Lydonne is announced to be on his return from Persia, where he has been travelling for some years.

M. de T.—So M. de Lydonne is returning?
Mme. de L.—He is.
M. de T.—And does he propose to live with you?
Mme. de L.—It cannot well be otherwise, since he has always done so. But how does that affect you?
M. de T.—I do not wish you to live under the same roof with him.
Mme. de L.—He is not at all troublesome, I assure you.
M. de T.—But if he should presume • • •
M. de L.—You are never jealous of him, Enguerrand?
M. de Taillebourg inclined his head gravely, as if he would answer affirmatively.
What, of my husband? said the Marquise, giving way to an immoderate fit of laughter.
M. de T.—Why not? A husband whom you have not seen for two years, is as dangerous as any other man.

The upshot of this conversation is that when M. de Lydonne returns from Persia, he does not, like Sr. GENGULPHUS and AGAMEMNON, betake himself to his own home.

This novel is a type of its class. The hero, one Raymond de Laverdy, a selfish egoistic debauchee, carries on an open intrigue with the fair Countess de Montgazon; the *caprice* is entertained by the Countess, who

desires to become acquainted with a famous courtesan named Arsène, and she does so. An orgie, shared by the Countess, Madame de Lydonne, and Arsène, takes place, the particulars of which fall into the hands of one Raguseen Fortunio, a sort of *l'ary bravo*, who uses the circumstance for the extortion of large sums of money. As if the details of common debauchery were not sufficiently *piquant*, crimes such as SAPPHO might have shared, are hinted at in the book, veiled, indeed, behind a skilfully woven web of words. The book is a scandalous book, beyond the most prudent efforts of PAUL DE KOCK or the COUNTESS HAHN.

The following is a sketch of the critic Fortunio, rather curious than flattering to the morality of the French press.

Clothed in a dressing-gown of black velvet, lined with flame-coloured satin, he sat before a magnificent rosewood writing-table incrustated with bronze, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The room was a model of artistic taste and elegant sybaritism. Contrasts abounded, but picturesque grace reigned everywhere. The observer, on entering this den of venal criticism, was first struck with the ingenious disorder which charmed as much as the most harmonious arrangement. Colours radiated without dazzling, the most incongruous objects mingled, without even surprising the eye. Everywhere was phantasy present, but it was an intelligent phantasy, the result of an art much more difficult to acquire than the vulgar sentiment of order which governs honest hearts and calm devout minds. All that an opulent amity can boast of in celebrated artists or great authors had brought here their peace-offering to the shrine of Renown. Pictures and statues of price, signed with the most illustrious names; busts and statuettes of our most beautiful actresses; richly-bound editions of the newest books—all were displayed in this species of custom-house, which every one must pass through, if he would travel upon the high-road to glory. But these were only the earnest of the tax to be paid into the hands of the implacable collector. Everyone who had contributed a picture, a marble group, or a literary work, had sooner or later to open his purse into the bargain; and, as to the statuettes of the actresses, they were only so many proofs that their owner had nothing more to require of the originals.

To the Cerberus of the Literary Inferno, comes the mother of a young songstress, who has just made her *début* at the opera. This is the answer she receives:

I shall prepare two criticisms, the first of which will shut the doors of the opera against your daughter for ever, while the second will open them to-morrow.

Two criticisms, and of such different import! What can be the use of both? Why, if the young *Cécile* is sent to the ingenious critic by three o'clock, the second goes to the printer; but if she does not come, both the first criticism and the reputation of the pretty little songstress are consigned to the d—, we beg pardon—the printer's devil. Let us hope this is not the fashion of our critics.

Fain could we enlarge upon this subject further, and multiply our warning cries against this Upas Tree of Letters. Our space will not permit us more. But while we may do something towards staying the moral pestilence as it passes through the land, another and a more watchful power must be set in motion to render our warnings effectual,—the paternal authority. Fathers of England, whether of high or low degree, see that no such poison comes within your doors! It is right and fitting that your gentle daughters should know perfectly the polished language of France, but not that they should be suffered to dive into these destructive depths. You can keep from their pillows the coarse voidings of Holywell-street, and why not then the dangerous poison of the French novelists. Why should these be suffered to sneak into your homes, in the disguise of fair wrappers and *éditions de luxe*, when broader but less dangerous trash is scrupulously excluded? Have they not CHATEAUBRIAND and FENELON? For fiction have they not BALZAC? And oh! have they not BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE? Is there not much of HUGO that is pure, and of LAMARTINE that hath no guile? Why, then, should they be driven to such as we have mentioned, and others whose names we would not sully our pen by writing?

To this subject we may have occasion shortly to again recur; possibly to point out how the weeds have spread into our own garden of literature. It is a fruitful and pregnant subject.

La Fontaine des Fées [The Fountain of the Fairies.]
By the Countess D'ORSAY. Paris: Paul Permain and Co.

SOME time previous to the event which rendered her a widow, the Lady HARRIETTE D'ORSAY published the second of her French novels, but we believe we are favoured with almost the first copy which has appeared in this country, and so agreeable was the reminiscence of her former production that we hastened to peruse the present with redoubled interest; nor has it disappointed our expectations.

The study of the human heart,—its workings under the ordinary as well as rarer circumstances of life, seem to have formed the object of this lady's keen and careful observation; yet in attaining that experience which must be always one of the novelist's most powerful

engines, there is no lack of all the freshness of sentiment characterizing an unworked and powerfully original mind. Her views of things are piquant and graceful; and though there is so perceptible a vein of melancholy running through every page of her writings, the natural liveliness seems rather crushed than extinguished; it breaks out here and there—sometimes when least expected.

The tale is of quite a different construction to *L'Ombre du Bonheur*; its title would give the idea of the supernatural being largely employed; it is, however, not so. The "Fountain of the Fairies" is only supposed, from long established tradition, to be a spot fatal to the hopes of one particular family; and the catastrophe is brought about upon this magic precinct. There is an equivocal appearance of the Banshee, which we think might have been slightly elaborated with considerable effect; in other respects it is a story of everyday life.

Laying the scene of her incidents entirely in the "Emerald Isle," the authoress has succeeded, not only in catching the most salient traits of its people, but in depicting them with lifelike energy.

Lord Mountmore, a good specimen of the race to which he belongs, or rather belonged (for it seems we must speak in the past time rather than the present), marries late in life, and "de convenience," an English lady who abhors the country of her husband. The only offspring of this marriage, a son, is the hero of the tale, and the incidents arise from a visit he pays, many years after his father's demise, to the paternal domain, accompanied by his mother, who has succeeded in eliciting as thorough dislike from the tenantry as she evinces in return.

The object of a former attachment of Lord Mountmore's, who has also borne him a son, a fine hearted youth, but a few years senior to his half-brother, is living in complete destitution near to the family mansion, and also in the close vicinity of the charmed fountain. Pride, madness, misunderstanding and the still overpowering dislike with which after so many years the Hagar regards the Sarah of the story, work out an accusation against Shamus, ending in a verdict that he is guilty of his noble kinsman's blood. And at "agony point" the innocent is saved, and the real culprit brought to light by the evidence of his own lips.

So far the plot is simple enough, but there is machinery called into play which gives to the details of this outline anything but a common-place character. The heroine, the wild and beautiful Kathleen, and her still more lovable sister, are finely drawn. Norah, indeed, reminds us of Jeanie Deans, and is a scarcely less apt personation of womanly self-denial and high-souled devotion. The love passages between the peasant Kathleen and her high-born suitor are touched by the hand of a master; nor can anything, we think, surpass the little episode in which the wavering and partially extinct intelligence of the broken-hearted girl is summoned back to become the means of discovering the real perpetrator of the murder, in so unforeseen and proximate a quarter.

We would merely add, that already perfect mistress of the language of her adopted country, Lady HARRIETTE D'ORSAY appears completely conversant with that to which her family belongs. These volumes are likely to be as successful with her Irish and English readers as we hear they have already proved in France.

Sicily.

Solwan el Mota': [or, *Political Comforts*, by IBN ZAFER, an Arabo-Sicilian author of the Twelfth Century.] *Versione Italiana di Michell Amari.* Firenze. 8vo.

In these days of political discomfort and civil dudgeon, inferring their existence from recent wranglings and fiery controversies on hustings, we turned to the pages of IBN ZAFER, for the first time translated from the Arabic into an occidental language, to discover what political comfort might await us there. But in the first place, we made the natural inquiry, who was IBN ZAFER? and from his translator we learn that he must have been born early in the twelfth century, that the *Solwan*, his most popular work, was published in 1159, and that he died in poverty and grief of heart in 1172.

Arabian literature, which had attained a high degree of splendour in Sicily, under both Mohammedan and Christian princes, began to decline after the death of the famous King ROGER, which happened in 1154. It had its poets, historians, geographers, astrologers, and writers on medicine and botany, and all had gradually disappeared save a few literary courtiers at the court of the Christian princes in Palermo, about the time when IBN ZAFER wrote. Born in Sicily, he appears to have passed into Africa, like many

others of his countrymen, to escape the domination of the Christians, the seductions of the infidels, and the sad spectacle of numerous renegades. He disdained, too, the literary servitude and sycophancy of his brethren in the faith in Sicily, and cast himself upon the world to write for bread. With this view, he travelled from country to country, where Islamism prevailed, into Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, but nowhere finding a resting-place. He must have been a most voluminous writer, since he had published five-and-twenty works at least, before the date of the present. As was the custom of that day, his works were dedicated to some prince or ruler, who rewarded the writer according to his appreciation of his merits, but we do not find that book-writing in those times was a more secure inheritance than at present. The author who did not succeed in one place migrated to another. IBN ZAFER's peregrinations brought him finally to Hamah, which was then the country of ABULFEDA, where he was well received, and assigned a pension, and where he wrote other works. But so small was this pension, that he could not maintain his daughter, and consented to give her in marriage to a man of inferior birth, which among the Muslims is accounted a grievous sin. But he had yet another pain to endure. His son-in-law carried the young bride into another country, and sold her as a slave. This last blow of fortune brought him to his grave. "He was a man of small stature," says IBN KALLICAN, "ill-shapen and nowise good-looking. Fortune heaped every malediction upon him; and I cannot say whether it was to make him feel this the more acutely, or to alleviate it, that she had given him a lively wit, philosophical intuition and vast knowledge, which are temptations to pride, and redouble in a man a despite of his proper physical inferiority, but which enable him to support it with fortitude, and sometimes even with scorn." Arabian critics speak highly of his genius and attainments. IMADEDIN, his cotemporary calls him, "The Imam (or doctor) of his age, in fact the exposition of the Koran, and of erudition, possessing a genius in the (moral) sciences, which far exceeded that of his cotemporaries; the author of many beautiful compositions, so that those who sought to quench their thirst at his spring, could no longer withdraw themselves from it."

Among his many works is the *Solwan el Mota'*, which I have read most attentively, and have found to be a most useful book, uniting the beauties of thought and expression, of instruction and moral exhortation." After this encomium, by one so well qualified to form a judgment, it behoves us to be silent, and to pass on to giving the reader some notion of this, his most famous book.

In his preface, he says—"I have entitled this book *Solwan el Mota' fi Odwan el etba* (remedies for the prince disliked by his subjects.) The word *Solwan* is the plural of *Solwanah*, the name of a shell, which the Arabs believe, that when water is poured upon it, and given to a lover to drink, quickly restores him to health.

Says the Rajiz (rhyme)—

Were I to drink the Solwan I should not have peace—
Nay without thee I cannot live were I even to float upon gold.

The remedies I speak of are five: first, trust in God; second, fortitude; third, constancy; fourth, contentment; and, fifth, self-denial."

In treating his subject he pursues a double method—synthetical and analytical. On one side he places the precepts of the Koran, sentences of the prophet, and of various Muslims, eminent for doctrine and piety, as well as quotations from philosophers and Arabian poets prior to and after the time of MOHAMMED. He then applies the precepts in real or supposed facts, introducing fables, histories and anecdotes, to illustrate their meaning. His fatalism and Mohammedan tendencies are obvious enough; but the great bulk of his conclusions harmonize with Christianity and philosophy, as they are derived from the nature of man himself.

Speaking under his first chapter, "on trust in God," he quotes a saying of the Prophet concerning

"IF."

When anything unpleasant happens to thee, never say—"if I had done this or that;" but exclaim—"such is the decree of God, and as he wills so let it be done." Because if it opens the breach to the works of Satan, and certainly does not lead to trust in God and resignation to his will.

From beginning to end the *Solwan* is sprinkled with such maxims and sayings as the following:

He who stands in suspicion of his enemy has already admitted an army into his camp.

Better to perish in fire than to live with dishonour.

To be impatient of the calamity which happens to thee, is, to be ungrateful for the good that remains for thee.

Iniquity takes away as much as it bestows.

If the patient resist the physician he must bear the penalty himself.

Fortitude is the paradise of misfortune, the virtue of great men.

It is said: the most unhappy of mortals are the beardless ministers of a king, and old men in love with young maidens.

Said the Prophet, on whom be peace and benediction, the believer has science for his friend; prudence for his vizir; intellect for his guide; industry for his governor; benignity for his father; pity for his brother; and patience for the captain of his armies.

The tales of the *Solwan* are so interlaced and dovetailed that it is difficult to extract one entire, to illustrate the manner of the author; here, however, is the beginning of one—the story told by a hermit of

AIN-AHLIH AND THE OLD FEMALE SLAVE.

There lived, in our Galicia, a young man and a young woman, both of great beauty and intelligence, so that the young man was called, as we should say, *Ain-Ahlih* (the eye of the family), and the young woman's name would signify in Arabic *Sitt-ennar* (the lady of fire.) They were husband and wife, and loved so tenderly, that it appeared as if nothing in the world would have made one leave the other. But it fell out, that one day Ain-ahlih being in conversation with his companions, on the subject of women, one began to speak of the rare and marvellous beauty and lively genius of one whose name rendered into Arabic would be *Sitt-eddsheh*. Ain-ahlih was instantly smitten with a fancy for her, and asked of him, who had just spoken, where she resided; and he replying that she lived in a neighbouring village, he had no thoughts but of her, and his soul being filled with desire for this new love was turned away from his wife.

It is said: the glutton often falls in with that which pleases him not.

Ain-ahlih rode off the village in which Sitt-eddsheh dwelt, and sought diligently round until he found her house, and saw, at length, the beauty. He was struck with amazement at her charms, though in reality she was not more beautiful than Sitt-ennar.

Transported with desire to behold Sitt-eddsheh, the young man walked so constantly near the house, that at length he attracted the attention of her husband—a rude, ferocious Gallician, whose name was *Ed-dsib* (the wolf), and, who, laid in wait for the youth, threw him on his back, killed his horse, tore off his vestments, seized him by the throat and beat him cruelly, then calling some of his friends he was carried to the habitation of Ed-dsib, bound to one of the poles which supported the tent, and given in charge of an old woman who had been deprived of a hand, an eye and her nose, of sinister aspect.

At nightfall the old woman kindled a fire near to Ain-ahlih, and sat down before it to warm herself. Meanwhile the poor youth, reflecting on the tranquil life he had hitherto led, heaved a deep sigh, when the old woman said—"O Sheikh, what sin has driven you into this condition of degradation and suffering?" "I am not conscious of having committed any sin," replied Ain-ahlih. Said the old woman—"So spoke the horse once to the wild boar, but he would not believe him. But when the horse had stated his case the latter pointed out a circumstance he had quite overlooked, so that the horse finally confessed he had done wrong." "If you will relate the story to me," said Ain-ahlih, "and tell me how this happened, I shall be most thankful."

Then the old woman begins to relate the fable of the Horse and the Wild-boar, which introduces another of the Gazelle and the Antelope, and next the old woman's own adventures. The end of the matter is, that Ain-ahlih admits his error, and the mutilated old woman enables him to escape from the clutches of Ed-dsib and goes home with him where ever after she is treated as a mother.

The *Solwan* contains more interesting tales than the foregoing, but they are too lengthy for extract. We have not seen, but have heard of, an English translation recently published. The *Solwan* will be found a book of pleasing and instructive reading, displaying much genius and power of moral observation.

Altogether it is a remarkable specimen of the Arabian literature of the thirteenth century.

Italy.

Naples, August 25, 1852.

BEYOND that circle of classically-renowned sites which not a single traveller fails to visit—immortalized in the glowing words of *Corinne*, and scholastically expatiated on by Eustace,—the environs of this city comprise many spots that deserve attention from the artist as well as the student of historic antiquity, and will fully compensate for any fatigues to be encountered in reaching them. By help of a railroad, undertaken many years ago with the intention of carrying it to Salerno, but actually terminating at Nocera (about two-thirds the distance), one arrives, within four hours after leaving Naples, at the great Benedictine Monastery (second only to Monte Casino), called *La Trinità*, or *La Cava* (from the antique little town of that name that lies on the high road at the foot of the mountain-chain amidst whose defiles this sanctuary stands.) Nothing can be more strikingly romantic than this scene, forming a background to the extensive edifices of this monastery, which are apparently spacious enough for an army to be quartered within their walls; heights clothed with primeval forests nearly to their summits, but terminating in sterile precipitous crags that seem inaccessible, here form a sublime theatre, whose semicircle shelters, as it were, within its vast embrace, the chosen retreat of cloistral devotion. But the aspect of the buildings, though of imposing scale, does not harmonize with the wild grandeur of the scene around. The actual church is only of the last century, and in that heavily ornate style most meaningless among the offsprings of the *renaissance* taste. The conventual buildings that first meet the eye are, for the most part, nearly as modern; but below this interesting superstructure, and now roofed over by the spacious platform from which the whole edifice rises, lies a long extent of ruins, the original church and convent, reduced to the condition of damp sunless vaults, crumbling away beneath the showy modern pile, like the shadowy memories of the past, yielding place to the sharp defined realities of the present. This ruined church (now visited by torchlight), a specimen of very early Gothic, is destined, I was glad to find, to be preserved from destruction, thanks to the intelligent interest taken in the antiquities of his domain by the present abbot. The monastery was founded by St. Alferio, of a noble family in Salerno, during the tenth century, but the church and cloisters were not built till towards the close of the eleventh, the cenobite life having been then first exchanged for the eremitic by the recluses of these solitudes, who had originally dwelt in grottoes or isolated cells. Its wealth was formerly enormous, and the feudal sovereignty of the mitred abbot, spiritual and temporal in his domination, extended over a multitude of towns, villages, and castles. All this has, of course, passed away, and the treasures still contained here that are of most general interest consist of the archives, the library, and the organ, an instrument—the finest of its description in Italy, next to that at Monte Casino,—capable of producing strains to imitate all the component parts of a full band. In the *archivio* are deposited between seven and eight thousand MSS. on parchment scrolls, for the most part containing deeds of gifts, immunities, &c., conferred upon the monastery; but other documents also, said to be of importance to political history; several illuminated bibles and missals of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with miniature-paintings by the monks; also three original acts of high antiquity, in quaintly-characterized Latin, one (which alone I found legible) being in the name of Roger Guiscard, first King of the Two Sicilies,—a donation of lands and privileges to the abbot and his successors for ever,—with an autograph signature of the king, and a golden seal, that might be taken for a medallion, having his effigy and a Greek epigraph appended. The library, though not very large, is choice, including various recent metaphysical works, even some that are condemned by the Vatican. From its shelves I took, and perused with interest, a volume by a living Benedictine, who may be considered worthy to stand in a place among the literary celebrities of this renowned order—*The History of the Lombardic League*, by Padre Tosti,—written (ominous coincidence!) during the first year of the present Pontificate, when Lombardy was anew becoming the arena where “conflicts, and agonies, and exaltations” were to be realized, but in vain, for the cause of Italian emancipation. This work is dedicated, in a strain of enthusiastic homage and sanguine patriotism, to Pius IX., and preceded by an introduction, informed with the very essence of that spirit harboured in the breasts of the high-minded and fervently-aspiring Italian patriots at that period,—a monument of the epoch, the more remarkable as proceeding from a cloister, which future historians may regard with no common curiosity, but which (as if to exemplify how irreconcilable are the cause of the existing governments and the independence of Italy) is at present under the ban of the Neapolitan police, and may not even be read by the Novices of *La Cava*! * Descending from these

* The press at Monte Casino, the principal one of the Benedictine Order, and from whence have issued for centuries, works frequently of the highest interest and value to the cause of Mind, has been suspended by the Neapolitan police since 1848. Yet, the Government thus tyrannically imposing silence on the most learned of Monastic bodies, proclaims itself the great champion, and most jealously orthodox adherent of Catholicism!

mountains, we enter the luxuriant valley of Nocera, strewn with frequent villages, and white villas peeping from thick groves, convents and churches occupying most picturesque positions, here and there, on boldly rising acclivities, and numerous round towers of considerable height, forming remarkable objects in the landscape, these being constructed for the peculiar mode adopted in these parts for bird-catching; nets, hung out from the towers, being used very effectively, I am told, to take the feathered prey. The southern limit to this valley is formed by the Gulf of Salerno, and a road winding along its shores as far as Amalfi may be here struck into, though no sort of vehicle can yet accomplish the whole journey, the works of this highway, promising to be one of the finest in Italy, remaining unfinished. From the first height obtained after entering on this track, the whole city of Salerno, with its sheltering bay, lies spread before the view in a panorama. There is a grandeur in the situation of this town that seems to distinguish it as marked out for historic importance; its scenery is wilder, its bay of much less width than that of Naples, the city forming a triangle whose base extends in a curved line along the coast, while a ruined castle on a very steep declivity, furthest from the sea, supplies the apex. With every turn of the road the scenery on the way to Amalfi becomes more and more beautiful; and not a vehicle being met, not a dwelling save the rudest cottages, passed, at wide intervals, between the several little fishing towns on these shores, the solitude and stillness, only broken by the incessant booming of the waves against a rock-bound strand, harmonize well with the impressions of sublimity received from all around. Many of the narrow gulfs, or creeks, here in continued and most varied series, advance far inland, and receding glens carry the eye between rugged heights whose outlines present frequently a needle-like sharpness, that might be compared to the pinnacles of a Gothic temple. Ruined castles may occasionally be discerned at stupendous heights, and at nearly regular intervals rise on bold masses of rocks, butting over the sea, betwixt its boundary and the modern road,—once strongly fortified towers, yet not quite dismantled, which were built by order of Charles V. as a means of protecting this coast against the then dreaded invasions of Barbary Corsairs. The road often winds above the sea at a dizzy height, and when there is a sandy beach (rarely found on this coast where no tide is perceptible) a tiny fishing village may be occasionally descried, far below the traveller's path, with its low white cottages, boats and nets spread in picturesque combination. One of the little towns (scarcely more than a village) is a wild glen whose deep narrow abyss seemed to press its habitations to the shore, struck me as the most *oriental* I had ever visited in Italy—the small houses of cubic form, and generally of the same dimensions, all painted white and with flat roofs, or a kind of low depressed cupola at the summit, on which Indian corn is frequently spread out to dry; a few larger edifices, and a convent, rising above the rest, with fronts presenting a double arcade, each window thus communicating with an arched balcony; the inhabitants, apparently far from idle, almost all at work in the open air, many on the house tops—a singular scene of romantic seclusion and (judging from externals) unsophisticated innocence, where probably one would find as total ignorance of the great world's proceedings as could possibly exist in Europe. A few miles further we approach Majori, a little town of some commerce, occupying a woody vale, receding from the beach, whose scenery is more softly characterized than that we have left. Descending to the level of the harbour, where are several large boats for the coasting trade, I perceived a line of lights gleaming fitfully within the general limits of a crescent-shaped outline, and so gay this illumination, rising from a dark background of woods, that combined with the loveliness of the scene, distinguished only in its more marked features under a starry sky (for I was belated on my journey), that I could have fancied the whole some fairy festival amid enchanted groves. The illumination, I ascertained, was actually festive, in honour of the Madonna, and continued every night during this month, with reference to her great solemnity, the Assumption. This town is an emporium for the silk trade (which is now arriving to great development in the kingdom of Naples), and a great market for the sale of the raw material having commenced on the same day, I found every room occupied by the traders, who repair hither from various distances, in the only inn the place affords. After about three of miles further travelling amid scenes sufficiently beautiful to beguile of any weariness, a sudden turn round a bold headland of rock, brings Amalfi at once to view, extended along the curvature of its little bay, its irregularly disposed white houses and churches piled up in picturesque confusion under the shelter of a glorious semicircle of lofty mountains, bold and precipitous in outline, and rent, as it were, by a deep ravine that carries the eye beyond the inland limits of the city into regions of wildest solitude. It was past midnight when I ascended a steep flight of steps cut in the cliff, to a little platform barricaded on one side by a dilapidated portico, and passing through an antique portal, I found myself not in anything resembling the vestibule of an inn, but a quaint cloister of Byzantine architecture, its low colonnade, with slight fantastically moulded shafts, being carried round a deserted weed-grown garden—the best inn at Amalfi, occupying, in fact, the buildings of a *quondam* convent, alternately belonging to Theatines and Capuchins, but originally founded,

according to tradition, by the Seraphic Doctor himself. Assuredly there is no spot to be found in Italy more perfectly the *beau idéal* of the picturesque than Amalfi; no shores of the Mediterranean more grandly romantic than these; whilst the simplicity of manners, the pictorial style of costume, and the evidence of total seclusion from the gay sophisticated world in the whole aspect of the place and its inhabitants, combine to give that impression of peace amidst the glories of nature, only shared by a society of rustic innocence, that at once soothes and occupies, fascinates and entertains. It is the impression we find so felicitously expressed by our philosophic poet, who, amidst the contemplation of scenes kindred in sublimity to these, apostrophizing “care and guilt,” exclaims with fine enthusiasm—

Here, 'mid his own unweeded domain,
A Genius dwells that can subdue
At once all memory of you! *

(To be continued.)

THE CRITIC IN DENMARK.—The Literary Journal, THE CRITIC (established in 1843) appears twice a month, and is distinguished for talent, independence, vivacity, and an admirable system of arrangement which affords an easy survey of the progress of each department of literature. This year it has begun to publish a “Dictionary of Living Authors and Artists,” in which they themselves contribute biographical notices and complete catalogues of their works. Its circulation is 6,400.—*Copenhagen Flyve Posten*.

DICKENS.—It is some time since we had from an American pen a sketch of a Bozian interior, and we are now indebted to Miss Grace Greenwood (in *The National Era*), an impressive, impulsive, and free-handed painter, for the following domestic scene, which we do not hesitate to reproduce upon the wide margin of disclosure allowed to us by Jeffrey, in the recent life per Lord Cockburn. The evening referred to is the 8th of July last passed:—“On Thursday evening I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and a small but brilliant party, at the pleasant house of the novelist, in Tavistock Square. Mr. Dickens is all I looked to see, in person, manner, and conversation. He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humour. Yet for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting paper, and the last written pages of *Bleak House*. Mrs. Dickens is a very charming person—in character and manner truly a *gentlewoman*; and such of the children as I saw seemed worthy to hand down to coming years the beauty of the mother and the name of the father. Mr. Dickens looks in admirable health and spirits, and good for at least twenty more charming serials. But should he furnish to the world yet more than that number of his inimitable romances, they would be as fresh and attractive as those which had gone before, I have no doubt, from the confirmed impression I have of the exhaustlessness of his genius, and of the infiniteness of variety in English character, of phases in English life. Mr. Dickens's style of living is elegant and tasteful, but in no respect ostentatious, or out of character with his profession, or principles. I was glad to see that his servants wore no livery. Next me, at table, sat Walter Savage Landor—a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought and generous enthusiasm for liberty. Opposite, sat Charles Kemble, and his daughter Adelaide, Madame Sartoris. At the other end of the table were Herr Devrient, the great German actor, Barry Cornwall and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague. * * * During this evening, Mr. Dickens spoke to me with much interest and admiration of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Hawthorne. Wherever I go, my national pride is gratified by hearing most eloquent tributes to the genius of these noble authors, and to the poet Longfellow. The Memorials of Margaret Fuller have also created a great sensation here. Carlyle says: ‘Margaret was a great creature; but you have no full biography of her yet. We want to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of shoes and stockings she wore.’ That Carlyle is a sad wag!

MILTON'S RIB-BONE.—Mention is made of Cromwell's skull; so it may not be out of place to tell you that I have handled one of Milton's ribs. Cowper speaks indignantly of the desecration of our divine poet's grave, on which shameful occurrence some of the bones were clandestinely distributed. One fell to the lot of an old and esteemed friend, and between forty-five and forty years ago, at his house, not many miles from London, I have often examined the said rib-bone. That friend is long since dead; but his son, now in the vale of years, lives, and I doubt not, from the reverence felt to the great author of *Paradise Lost*, that he has religiously preserved the precious relic. It might not be agreeable to him to have his name published; but from his tastes, he—being a person of some distinction in literary pursuits—is likely to be a reader of *Notes and Queries*, and if this should catch his eye, he may be induced to send you some particulars. I know he is able to place the matter beyond a doubt. —From “Notes and Queries.”

* Wordsworth's “Ode on the Pass of Kirkstong.”

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.
ANCIENT CHEMISTRY.

EARLY EGYPTIAN CHEMISTRY.—THE GOLDEN CALF.—Mr. Herapath on unrolling a mummy at the Bristol Institution, noticed on some of the bandages various dark hieroglyphic characters, very sharply and well defined as if written with an ordinary pen, the colour of which so closely resembled that produced by "marking ink," that he was induced to test a portion of the linen, where the stains were deepest, for silver, by means of the blowpipe, when a bead of that metal was obtained, thus affording us presumptive evidence that some 2,800 years ago, the date on the mummy case, the property, possessed by solutions of silver, of staining linen and similar fabrics of an indelible black, and its application as a marking fluid, an adaptation but recent in these modern times, was known and employed by the ancient Egyptians. Mr. Herapath indulges in several speculations on this interesting fact, considering that the solvent of the silver must have been nitric acid, *aqua fortis*, a liquid hitherto presumed to have been discovered by the Alchemist, of the middle ages, and hence arguing that this acid could only have been produced by means of sulphuric acid, with which the Egyptians must therefore have been acquainted, and with which they could have produced hydrochloric acid from common salt. He also regards it as probable that the Egyptian priests had taught Moses the use of a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids, *aqua regia*, as a solvent for gold, and that these agents were used by him to dissolve the Golden Calf of the Israelites, rather than a solution of sulphuret of potassium as has been presumed by some writers. Finding the yellow colour of the linen to be due to the natural colouring matter of the flax, Mr. Herapath remarks that, judging from this specimen, the Egyptians did not practise bleaching. Blue and red dyes had been used on a portion of the linen, of which the blue proved to be indigo, a fact already known, but the nature of the red dye could not be ascertained. These speculations have been commented on by Mr. J. Denham Smith, who admitting the fact alleged by Mr. Herapath, that a solution of silver was used by the Egyptians, dissents from all the foregoing deductions, pointing out that we have no evidence that the art of distillation was practised by the Egyptians, nor that they were acquainted with either the sulphuric, hydrochloric, or nitric acids; but that they were familiar with silver and its ores, common salt, lime and probably with sal-ammoniac, substances from which a solution of silver may easily be obtained without the use of nitric or any other acid. Then quoting the words of the Sacred text, Mr. Smith exposes the contradictions involved in the supposition that the Golden Calf was dissolved at all, the Scripture narrative, in each instance where the subject is mentioned, expressly stating that the Calf was ground to a very fine powder, and then being mixed with water, was rendered potable; and he thus overturns the various notions from time to time have prevailed, and of which Mr. Herapath's is the last, that the idol was dissolved by Moses in some chemical menstruum. Observing that we have both material evidence, as well as written testimony, (Numbers xxvi. 12), to prove that lead was commonly known, and that metallurgy was well understood at the Mosaic epoch, and that one part of lead alloyed with eleven parts of gold form a pale yellow alloy as brittle as glass, Mr. J. Denham Smith terminates his criticisms as follows: "Now without presuming to say that lead was actually the material used by Moses to render the Golden Calf so brittle as to enable him to grind it 'as fine as dust,' yet I would submit as this metal completely fulfils every condition required by the history, and as dokimasy was then sufficiently advanced to allow of such an alloy being made, that it assumes a very high degree of probability, being in complete and exact accordance both with the sacred narrative and also with the ascertained state of the metallurgic art at the time, that the Golden Calf was alloyed with lead; that this brittle alloy, when stamped and ground as fine as dust, was 'strawed' on the water from the mount of which the Israelites drank, and that a solution of the idol was neither effected nor even thought of." This critic has, however, neglected to remark upon another extraordinary inference of Mr. Herapath; that because he finds mummy cloth to be unbleached linen, that therefore the ancient Egyptians were ignorant of the art of bleaching; it might just as well be argued that because we ourselves use brown holland, the English are unacquainted with the very ancient and universally practised art of bleaching.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

CALORIC ENGINES.—Those who remember the first decisive stride of that new power of civilization, the railway, at the successful completion of the line from Liverpool to Manchester, may likewise recall the name of Ericson, a machinist-engineer, who, with a locomotive called the Novelty, contended with the late George Stephenson for the palm of excellence in the construction of this novel description of machinery, and although

the North-countryman carried off the prize, yet the victory was neither then, nor has it been since, considered as unequivocal, for many have believed that, with another jury and under other circumstances Ericson's locomotive might have successfully competed with the engine of his talented rival. Be this as it may, Ericson has now been for many years an American citizen, and has fairly won a reputation, extending beyond the country of his adoption, as a machinist at once persevering and original. For very many years, if rumour be true, he has been revolving in his mind, the practical application of the force derivable from the expansion of atmospheric air by heat, as a motive power. Detailed accounts have reached this country of the accomplishment of this problem, and the adaptation of this power as a force-producer, appears to have been successfully accomplished by this engineer. A description of machinery without illustrations is both uninteresting and difficult of comprehension to the non-professional reader, suffice it then to say, that a double pair of cylinders are employed, fitted with pistons connected together, the lower or working pair of cylinders, being much larger than the other two, these lower ones being those below which heat is applied, neither boiler nor water being required. From the air contained in these lower cylinders, when expanded by heat, and its forcing up the piston, just in the same way as steam is ordinarily made to act, the motive power is derived, but were this all, the machine would be unable to compete with its rival. However, by means of a beautiful apparatus for the purpose of abstracting the heat from the heated air, instead of wasting it, by condensing and re-converting steam into water, which is done in the steam engine, this machine bids fair to oust the latter as a source of motion, on account of its greater economy, to say nothing of its greater adaptability and freedom from the danger which, to some extent, is necessarily co-existent with a steam-engine. This apparatus consists of a series of discs of wire-gauze, which together constitute a metallic mass, pierced with innumerable convoluted capillary tubes, and which, being so ready a conductor of heat, easily and instantly absorbs, or parts with heat, just as the air passing through these tubes, is itself hotter or colder than the wire gauze; thus, out of 480 degrees of heat, 450° are retained by this regenerator when the heated air from the lower cylinder passes through it, and but 30° are lost or expended; these 450° being again absorbed by the succeeding volume of air forced through the regenerator into the lower cylinder, so that an expenditure of but 30°, to be supplied by the fire below the cylinder, takes place out of the 480°, whereas in the steam engine, the whole of the heat is at once expended, instead of being used over and over again, from its retention in the wire reservoir of the caloric engine. To compare small things with great, the metal respirators so frequently worn by those suffering from any affection of the lungs or air passages, and the regenerators of Ericson's caloric engine, are precisely identical both in principle and mode of action; the air being in each case warmed or cooled as it passes to or from, in the one case, the lungs of the human being, in the other, the working cylinder of the engine. I understand that the difficulty which stood in the way of practical success, viz., a substitute for oil or tallow as a lubricating agent, is overcome, but I am not at present aware in what manner; yet it would seem that so apparently trifling a matter as the want of a lubricating agent which does not alter nor decompose at a temperature of about 500°, long baffled all the other ingenuity of the inventor, and bid fair to defeat the successful adaptation of a discovery which promises to consign the great agent of the age, the steam engine, to the list of costly, cumbrous, and disused methods of obtaining mechanical force.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS
A FINE ART.

THE Club Houses of Westminster are rivalled, externally at least, by the Assurance Offices and Banks of the City of London. The latter are of a class which warrant exhibitory splendour to a certain amount, as symbolizing the wealth which they are supposed to enclose; but it is equally essential that the most solid substantiality of style should be observed. The Imperial Assurance Office is a convincing testimonial to the professional accomplishment of Mr. Gibson, whose Glasgow Bank has also won for him a well deserved fame. But is the elegant and delicate ornamentation of the latter quite consistent with that expression of endurance and security which should distinguish one of the citadels of safety for "golden store?" There is a woodcut of the "Imperial" in the third number of Weale's *London*; and we may refer to Mr. Cockerell's Sun Fire Office, as another select specimen of its class. In the latter, there is a pleasing distinction between the official below and the domestic above; between that portion of the building which has to do with the public in general, that which is apportioned to the board of management, and that which is exclusive to the private

occupation of our excellent friend the secretary, who lives aloft in his handsome and cheerful abode, looking down from his proud eminence upon the flats and domes of the Bank of England, which lie like a city beneath him. He may almost say with Richard the Third:—

"Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun;"

except, indeed, that the "Sun," in his instance, is the last thing to be "scorned."

But we have touched upon the *Bank of England*, and this is, therefore, an appropriate place for a few remarks on that famed structure. In Mr. Weale's publication, just alluded to, there is a ground plan of the Bank of England, which, in conjunction with the several elevations and views of it in the second volume of Britton's "Public Buildings of London," gives a general idea of its arrangement and external aspect. The merits of the building, however, are chiefly to be found in the interior, where the genius of its successive architects, Taylor, Soane, and Cockerell, is satisfactorily exhibited.

The exterior, or street fronts, may be regarded as wholly the work of the late Sir John Soane, and we are much more inclined to fall in with the qualifying censures of the critic in Weale's book, than to accede to the justice of the hyperbolic encomiums passed upon it in the other. It appears to us the *least* thing that was ever done on so great a scale. It may have some features of "grace" and "beauty of detail;" it may even have "classical purity," though in the most insipid sense of the term; it may be "severely chaste," with many another unlovely object; but it is innocent of "the poetry of the art;" it is hopeless in its aspirations of "majesty;" it has the "solemn repose" of that oracular creature, "who, therefore, is reputed wise for saying nothing;" it has nothing "simple;" no "grandeur," either of form or "manner;" and it is triumphantly antagonistic to everything like the "air of sublimity." Excepting the pretty piece of vignette architecture at the north-west angle (which is a very pleasing adaptation of the peristyle of the famed temple at Tivoli) and the scenic combination of the Corinthian arch and colonnades in the Lothbury court, the exterior of the Bank of England has little which is not seriously objectionable, whether regarded in reference to suitable expression, or distinct individual merit.

The building is, in fact, a *fort*. The external masonry is, in truth, and should have been in expression, the windowless—and almost doorless—shell of a great keep. Its parapets, we believe, answer the purpose of the castle battlements. An officer and company of soldiers mount guard nightly; and, in the event of an attack from without, all things are prepared for defence from within. But, though the enemy might be kept from effecting an entrance, what precious havoc would be made with all Sir John's Corinthian capitals and crowning gim-crackeries! What a fracture of the sharp edges and delicate mouldings of his gratuitous columns, pilasters, his sham great doors and little blank windows! What a wretched ragged piece of "shabby finery" would the façades of the Bank present after a day's pelting with paving stones!

If ever granite, with such decoration as it legitimately admits, be pre-eminently required, it is on the fronts of such a building as the one we are now noticing. Their vast longitudinal extent should, questionless, have been, as they are, relieved and corrected by vertical lines and projections; but these pilasters or buttresses should have had the maximum allowable breadth and the most simple moulded work. The "pork-scorings," of which Sir John was so sadly fond, are here peculiarly destructive of the appearance of altitude he sought to effect. There should not have been one horizontal line more than necessary to architectural propriety. The double row of blank windows are most objectionable on the same grounds which condemn the horizontal scorings; and, how ridiculous is the appearance of a parcel of blank doors seeming to occupy the two stories signified by the windows!

It would be a good stimulus to the inventive ability of our architectural students, if premiums were offered for designs for re-casing the Bank of England in a characteristic manner. The practical destruction and re-formation of such a work are, of course, out of the question; but the prevention of its mal-influence as an example might be effected by such a step; and, next to the virtue of having good precedents for imitation, is that of showing to the profession and the world at large that we are alive to the defects of our bad ones. Considering the vast extent of its plan, and the great importance of its purpose, the Bank of England, externally, appears to us the most gigantic failure in the world. Numbers of our private Banks, in and out of London, and the branch buildings of the same great establishment, erected in the provinces by Mr. Cockerell, are things of much larger idea than the grand metropolitan structure.

Among the ecclesiastical examples, noted since our last, the Church erected at Ealing at the cost of Miss Lewis, from a design by Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, is worthy of the pious zeal of the foundress and of the high repute of its accomplished architect. We adhere to

our principle that the protestant model should be without internal arcades; but, looking at this building, as formed in obedience to a still cherished regard for the old parish church, we cannot but award to it our most earnest eulogy. As usual, the body is small compared with the tower and spire, and the aisle compartments are low, and with a low-pitched roof to leave room for a well developed clerestory. The faults may not be Mr. Scott's; but they are faults nevertheless. The steeple, however, is altogether eminently beautiful, and in admitting that it "in some degree resembles the beautiful ancient steeple at Bloxham," we think it due to Mr. Scott to say that the variations from the old model are manifest improvements. This is indeed an admirable instance of the way in which "precedent" is allowed to suggest, without being permitted to dictate imperatively. (See *Illustrated London News*, for July 3, 1852.) Not so favourably can we speak of a certain architect, who, competent to better things, has applied to his church such a mere piece of quaint ingenuity as the bell turret of Corston, near Malmesbury, illustrated in *The Builder*, for February, 1852. The upper part of it may be, in its distinct consideration, better than the common bell gable, which is nothing more than a continuation of the walling on which it rests; but to us there is something unpleasantly "top heavy" in an octagon riding astride on a wall which is only as thick as one of its sides, and held on by depending legs, sticking out from the face of the front masonry like buttresses topsy-turvy. The "corbelling-out" of these bracket buttresses from immediately above the arch of a window is also bad. Let us only consider this church as a ruin,—its roof gone, and its side walls dilapidated,—what a "toppling" threat would the turret express!

So far as we can judge from an outline woodcut in *The Builder* for May last, p. 341, the little church of St. Mary at Mortlake, by Mr. Blount, is a pretty specimen of the old "orthodox" style; and the same may perhaps be said of St. Mary's Church, Devon, by Mr. Huggall (see *Builder* for June last, p. 338); though in the latter we see the old error of placing the spire apparently on the flat of the tower, instead of following up the true broach principle of making the spire rise from the square masonry below.

In *The Illustrated London News* for 7th August, 1852, there is a woodcut of a small church building at Bottisham Lodge, Cambridge. It is of the true "orthodox quaint,"—just the thing for young ladies to sketch in their albums. It has a rustic-gothic porch, low walls, a wide-spreading high-pitched roof, and a pair of flush buttresses, which so continue the lines of the gable copings down to the ground, that, when viewed at some distance directly in front of the west or turret end, it must look a building which has already sunk into the earth almost up to the eaves of its roof, and which may be expected shortly to disappear altogether!

We have been in some doubt as to how far the architectural merits of the private house are fairly subject to animadversion, i. e., in reference to any particular example of it; and we shall be happy to be corrected, if the results of our consideration may be wrong, or even questionable. Assuredly, we have no right to enter the family abodes of our neighbours, and pass any comments on their personal tastes, or on the peculiar arrangements of their family homes: but the exterior of a city mansion presents itself to notice under very different circumstances. It proclaims itself a candidate for public observation; and, with more or less ostentation, it challenges the observance of all observers. A man cannot help the face which God has given him; and, therefore, ugly as it may be, it is sacred in its immunity from criticism; but the façade of his town-house is an affair between him and the public; and, while he has a perfect right to do what he will with his own, the public may have an equal right to say what they think of his performance.

Under these impressions, we venture to refer to the elevation of a *Mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens*, as represented by an engraving in *The Builder* for June, 1852. It is said to be "Gothic, somewhat German in character." If it be so, it justifies our fears of the German influences on our architectural taste. Better a strict regard to Tudor precedent than such a melancholy compound as this! When the mullions and transoms of windows are cut away to make room for great plate-glass panes, their Gothic character is not to be preserved by tucking up little cusped foliations into their corners; neither is a house of square box-cube form, without any gables, and with a low hipped roof, to be gothicised by the application of meagre attenuated little buttresses, climbing up its angles like so many snails or caterpillars. Nothing can be worse than the central piers in the bay windows, the battlemented cornice that crowns them, or the straggling openwork of the main parapet. We are speaking of the elevation as it appears in the woodcut. Possibly the building itself may, in its completion, present a much less objectionable aspect. The plan appears to us to have much merit, and might be treated satisfactorily in the Palladian or even in the Byzantine-Venetian style; but it is utterly opposed to any genuine Gothic management, which insists upon gabled roofs intersecting each other, to the entire exclusion of any hips, save those which may be required over polygonal projections. The conservatory is the only feature admitting of Gothic application; but the windows of it, as they show in the elevation, are a very nondescript. It is only necessary to compare the elevation of this mansion with that of the

New Vestry-Hall, Kensington, to see what might have been done with the former, if our old national Tudor style had been adopted. An engraving of the Vestry-Hall is given in *The Builder* of June last; and we are bound to admit that Mr. Broadbridge has displayed much knowledge and taste in his elevation, though we wish the embattled parapets of his bay windows had been supplanted by open-work corresponding with that of the main parapet. The composition unites picturesque boldness with much proportional beauty and elegance of detail, and we are desirous of a further acquaintance with the works of its architect. We cannot give such thorough praise to Mr. Simmonds' *Town Hall, St. Matthews, Bethnal-Green*. Its porch, bay-window, and the windows flanking them have a bold and effective elegance; but there is a want of breadth in the coin-piers; and the plain low gable is inexcusably mean, as the crowning member of a composition, otherwise so ornate. (See *Builder* for July last.)

The new *Lunatic Asylum, Abergavenny*, by Messrs. Fulljames and Waller, as represented in *The Builder* for May last, seems to be intended for all those who have gone mad for their Gothic love. A building should appear to be one thing; not a range of things, merely harmonizing in character. The view of the structure under notice looks like that of a village; and if the chapel, instead of being within the central building, had been detached, such an idea would have wanted little for absolute confirmation. We fancy we can distinguish the houses of the chief landholder, the curate, the doctor, the lawyer, and the village school; and we think what a quaintly mediæval people the entire little population must be! But is this ARCHITECTURE? Something, perhaps, may be said in favour of the notion, that, of all buildings, a Lunatic Asylum may properly wear the aspect which we are remarking upon as hostile to the virtue of unity. It may be desirable to dissociate such a structure from the expression of the *Public Building*, and purposely to make it look like what it is not,—the resemblance sought being that of a range of quiet homes. But is this idea carried out in the interior of the building? Not so. The plan is as regular and continuous as that of any prison or lock-up place in the kingdom: and indeed it cannot be otherwise; so that, however the "outside passenger" may remain in happy ignorance of the purpose of such a building, the unfortunate inmates will remain under no such delusion. In Mr. Daukes's *Asylum for decayed Freemasons* at Croydon, we indeed see a range of distinct houses; but they are most satisfactorily united into one compact and single form. The only cause for regret, in the front elevation of this building, is the omission of the porch from the door of the central compartment: (see *Builder* for February last.) The meanness of what appears to be the entrance to the principal compartment of the range, is unpleasantly interruptive to the feeling so emphatically stimulated by the porches all along each wing; and, so far from there being any justification for the omission of the same feature in the centre, we think there is every reason for its having been applied on an increased scale of importance. It might have been formed as a sub-structure to the bay-windows above; and we will venture to think that Mr. Daukes may admit the justness of our remark.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE smaller and last statuette of the late Duke of Wellington, executed in bronze, and published by Mr. Walesby, of Waterloo Place, was carefully inspected by the Great Duke himself, and so much admired that his Grace ordered Mr. Walesby to send three copies in bronze to Apsley House only a few months ago.—Mr. Watson, of Vere-street, has published a portrait of the late Duke of Wellington, from a daguerreotype by Claudet. It is of the old Duke, and is a faithful and striking delineation, though of small dimensions.—It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of Colonel Gardiner, who fell in the battle of Prestonpans, 21st September, 1745, and sufficient funds have, we hear, been obtained for the purpose.—Some time since, the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company sent Mr. Owen Jones and Mr. Digby Wyatt with a roving commission to the Continent, for the purpose of acquiring casts of what is great and rare in art. Information from these gentlemen had been received to the 9th September; when they had reached Rome, after visiting Paris and Naples. They had obtained permission to take casts of several of the finest works in those capitals; including the great Nimroud from Egypt, colossal statues by Jean Goujon, casts of the Ghiberti Gates, figures by Michael Angelo, from the Medici Chapel at Florence, cinquecento monuments by Donatello, and studies from Pompeii.—The Committee of Council on Education, anxious to aid the better artistic training of the young, have issued circulars to the inspectors of schools directing them to aid by every means at their disposal the system proposed by the Department of Practical Art for making elementary drawing part of the scheme of our national education. With this view, it is intended to introduce lessons in the simple elements of drawing into all our village and town

schools which may be willing to bear a small proportion of the necessary expenses,—and to establish for the more advanced scholars a central school for drawing in every town.—Two professorships have recently been filled up at the Department of Practical Art:—one for Ornamental Art applied to woven fabrics of all kinds and to paper staining, by the appointment of Mr. Octavius Hudson,—the other to Ornamental Metal Work, by the appointment of Professor Semper of Berlin.—The Ladye Chapel in Hereford Cathedral has been thrown open to the public—and the stained glass windows set up in commemoration of the late Dean Merewether have drawn crowds of curious and admiring visitors to the noble but dilapidated edifice.—A new palace is, it is stated, about to be built for the Queen at Balmoral. The new site lies nearer to the river than that of the old mansion,—and the structure will front due south, along the pleasant road to England. The new palace is to be of modern architecture,—and will cost, it is said, between 80,000*l.* and 100,000*l.*—The permanent doors of the New Palace at Westminster, of solid carved oak, are all completed and fixed at the Victoria Tower, the Royal Gallery, and the Prince's Chamber. The decorating of the ceiling of the Royal Gallery is rapidly progressing, and is to be finished before the opening of the new Parliament. The statues are to be fixed in the House of Lords. There are already completed the statues of the Archbishop of Dublin and Baron Fitzwalter;—and the whole are expected to be finished by the 11th of November. Mr. Dyce is daily engaged in finishing another fresco of Her Majesty's robing-room,—and every effort is being made to complete this chamber by the opening of Parliament.—A statue in honour of Descartes has been placed on its pedestal at Blois, from the atelier of Count de Nieuwerkerke.—During the repairs of the roads in the Val-aux-Vaches, says the *Nouveliste Cauchois*, the workmen discovered several traces of Roman sepulture. Several cinerary urns were brought to light, but most of them were broken by the pickaxes and spades.—The *Athenæum* gives the following story of a Royal picture:—A very interesting memorial of the deceased hero has just been published by Messrs. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi,—the circumstances represented contributing to the interest as much as the art employed. On his eighty-second birthday—his last anniversary but one—the Duke of Wellington repaired to Buckingham Palace, to present a jewelled casket to his royal godson, Prince Arthur, on the first anniversary of his birth. The infant prince was in his cradle,—and the Queen abroad;—and the old warrior sat down to await the opening of those eyes that looked yet wonderingly upon the world in which he himself had played so long and great a part. The Duke was not much of a sentimentalist, it is well understood: but it might be worth knowing in what current the old man's thoughts wandered as he sat waiting on the sleep of the child prince. While thus he sat, the Queen returned from her performance in that ceremonial, in the Palace of Glass, the memory of which will be as immortal as the Duke's own—from the inauguration of the grandest peaceful triumph the world had ever seen, to find the hero of England's mighty warlike triumphs awaiting her. With the flush of her great part yet upon her cheek, and dressed in the ceremonial robes which were amongst its properties, she took the child from his cradle, and, flinging a shawl over him, herself carried him in to the veteran—who was also still dressed for his part in the great Peace drama just played. Of this incident—and our readers will see how fine are the moral contrasts which it involves—Mr. Winterhalter made a picture by the Queen's command. This picture Mr. Samuel Cousins has engraved in mezzotint,—and the engraving is now published, also by royal command. The work is called "The First of May, 1851:—and it commemorates three birthdays—those of the old Soldier, the infant Prince, and the Great Exhibition. The picture is charming as a composition,—and its effects are wonderfully rendered by the medium chosen to convey them. Here we have the three most distinct ages of man under their happiest aspect.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE Hereford Musical Festival, or the Meeting of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, was held on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th ult., and was comparatively on a small scale, like the generality of its precursors. The programme of the performances was well made out by the conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith, the organist of the cathedral, a gentleman who has the reputation of being a sound and able musician. A good band, with Mr. Blagrove as leader, was selected from the London societies and operas, while the choirs of the three cathedral towns were strengthened by reinforcements from the metropolis. Mr. Anott, of Gloucester, presided at the organ, and Mr. W. Dore, of Worcester, at the pianoforte. The singers were Madame Clara

Novello, Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Herr Formes, and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Hobbs, Barnby and Phillips. The oratorios in the mornings were *The Creation*, *St. Paul*, *The Last Judgment*, and *The Messiah*. *St. Paul* attracted the largest audience, and may be regarded in the light of a novelty, as it has never previously been given at Hereford. The execution was anything but perfect, but the impression it made was unmistakable. Mr. Sims Reeves distinguished himself highly in the Cathedral, and in the Shire Hall, where the miscellaneous concerts were given in the evening. In these concerts there was a prevalence of light pieces that made the programmes heavy, and wearied the audience without their knowing why.

The Norwich Festival began on Tuesday, the 21st, and concluded on the Friday following, and, though not so successful as the Meetings of 1845 and 1848,—the gross receipts being infinitely less, was, notwithstanding, remarkable for no lack of novelty,—one of the mornings being occupied with a new oratorio called *Israel Restored*, by Dr. Bexfield, and a Festival Anthem by Mr. Henry Leslie, and another of the mornings by a second new oratorio by Mr. Pierson, entitled *Jerusalem*. The *Israel Restored*, of Dr. Bexfield, which is smoothly and regularly written, contains pleasing melodies, but is destitute of the power and grandeur which a great oratorio imperatively demands. The *Jerusalem* of Mr. Pierson is of extraordinary length and great pretension; and though, probably, not destined to take a place among the great works of its class, affords many indications of genius, particularly in the latter part, which contains passages both grand and beautiful. "The poem" is a cento of Scripture texts, divided into three parts, the first being made up of passages from the Prophets announcing the fall of Jerusalem, the second a series of lamentations for the destruction of the holy city, and the third containing prophecies concerning the recall of the Jews from all the countries of the world, the battle of Armageddon and the New Jerusalem, concluding with the last judgment and the salvation of the righteous,—all which passages of Scripture are thrown into the shape of recitative, airs, choruses, &c. This oratorio, as well as Dr. Bexfield's, was favourably received, and obtained full justice from the performers, the principal singers, Madame Viardot, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Miss Alleyne, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Formes, exerting themselves to the utmost. The evening concerts, which afforded a brilliant and nicely varied display of singing, went off with great spirit; and, among the selections was a graceful overture from an unperformed opera, *The Minnesinger*, by M. Benedict, which pleased greatly.

An epoch occurred in the musical history of Sunderland on Monday, the 20th ultimo, when there was a successful performance of *The Messiah* at the grand Musical Festival given at the Lyceum. Miss Alleyne produced a very favourable impression of her vocal talent by the power and sweetness with which she sang. The orchestra numbered nearly 300 performers; among the instrumentalists were the best talent of Sunderland and Newcastle; and the chorus was augmented by large and valuable accessions from the Philharmonic and Sacred Societies of Newcastle, Durham, and Houghton-le-Spring. The whole performance and arrangements, which pleased a highly discriminative audience, composed of the principal inhabitants of Sunderland and the neighbourhood, were such as to reflect infinite credit on the talented conductor Mr. Beswick, and the other gentlemen, who used their exertions to promote the success of the Festival.

In Liverpool, last month, a brilliant concert was given by the Philharmonic Society. The assembly was numerous and fashionable, and the attractions were Grisi and Mario, both of whom showed that their unequalled vocal powers were in no way impaired, fully meriting the enthusiasm they created by the feeling, grace, fervour, and sympathetic sweetness with which they sang. The other vocalists were that young and promising singer Mdlle. Bertrandi (who was heard in Liverpool for the first time), and Signori Galvani, Susini, and F. Lablache, who were frequently applauded. In addition to the Italian airs and concerted pieces, a couple of madrigals were very finely sung, and the band played, in careful style, two overtures of Mendelssohn's, and one of Boieldieu's.

On leaving Liverpool, the above-mentioned singers emigrated to Dublin, where the good folks of that city have been enjoying first-rate opera music. *Lucrezia Borgia*, followed by other operas, has been already given, with Mr. Frank Mori as conductor, and however musicians may have differed in their criticisms as to details, all true lovers of music have agreed as to the delightful general result, and the audiences have been fairly roused into the enthusiasm of rapturous admiration.

The English Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, have commenced their autumnal engagements, and have already sung at several concerts,

including among other places, Newark, Retford, and Buxton, to brilliant and fashionable audiences, and under the patronage of several noblemen and ladies of high rank.

We have not space to particularize the programme of a concert recently given at York, in the De Grey Rooms, by the remarkably distinguished Distin Family: suffice it, that, in the varied pieces they performed, many were encored, and the concert seemed to give general satisfaction. The present perfection of these Sax-Horns has been principally effected by the elder Mr. Distin, and they now appear to possess a peculiar aptitude for every modulation and transition of harmony, embracing a great compass of notes.

A series of popular entertainments have been lately given at Cheltenham by the Infant Marie, all of which have been well and fashionably attended.

Mrs. Alexander Newton has been singing with great success at the Royal Cheltenham Pump Rooms, Harrogate.

A new Musical Society has been formed in Paris under the title of *La Société Symphonique*, the object of which is to perform the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and other masters. Fifty artists of eminent ability have been already engaged, and the concerts are to take place fortnightly. The first is fixed for the 24th of December.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Norwich Festival has been a brilliant and successful affair.—The Italian Opera opens in the Dublin Theatre on Friday, and Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Signor Lablache, and the remainder of the Italian Opera company were expected to arrive in Dublin on Thursday night.—The Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art have now finished their dramatic performances, and have advertised for sale their theatre, with the scenery, dresses, and all things appertaining to it.—James Wallack, a man of power and popular favour, opens the Lyceum (N. Y.) on the 30th.—Mr. Bunn is among the last musical and dramatic stars that have departed to America. M. Jullien, we learn, is under engagement to go thither. Miss Catherine Hayes is going, if she be not already gone, to California.—Drury-lane is again let for the next three years to the enterprising lessee of the Marylebone Theatre, Mr. E. T. Smith, who opens it on boxing-night, with a pantomime from the pen of that well-known author, Mr. E. L. Blanchard. It is said that domestic dramas à la Parisienne, spectacles, and farces will be the order of the day. The prices of admission will be very considerably reduced.—The prospectus of a new company, designated as "Her Majesty's Theatre Association," has been issued, with the names of the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Frederick Mildred, Esq., and B. Oliveira, Esq., M.P., as trustees; and the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Earl of Harrington, Major-General the Honourable H. F. C. Cavendish, Sir John Bayley, Bart., and C. Barry Baldwin, Esq., as committeemen. It is said a large proportion of the shares have already been subscribed. Our chance of any opera at Pall Mall next season seems to rest on the success of this novel speculation. The prospectus says:—"A contract has been entered into for the purchase of the lease of Her Majesty's Theatre from the present proprietor; and the Association will have the benefit of this agreement, the purchase money being represented by 20,000 paid up shares. In this purchase is included the lessee's interest in the sum of 12,526*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* Three per Cent. Reduced Annuities, invested as an accumulating guarantee-fund. This fund will be increased from time to time, so as to form a sinking-fund, and place the Association on the firmest basis. The properties are to be taken at a valuation, which in no case is to exceed 25,000*l.* The Association to have the benefit of any surplus beyond that sum. The property of the Association will consist of the lease of the theatre and concert-room, which has nearly forty years to run, estimated at 100,000*l.*; the properties greatly exceed in value 30,000*l.*, but the amount to be paid by the Association is not to exceed 25,000*l.*; the effective capital 75,000*l.*; total, 200,000*l.* The affairs of the Association will be conducted by a managing director appointed by the committee; and previously to the commencement of each season the personal privileges to be reserved to the shareholders will be defined by the committee."

M. de Lamartine has written a new tragedy, and he will give it to the Odéon Theatre.—Madame Sontag has arrived in New York, and met with a most enthusiastic reception.—John Strauss, the Viennese composer, has an engagement at Paris.—Johanna Wagner made her reappearance at the Berlin opera on the 7th, in *Montecchi e Capuletti*.—Advices from Hamburg mention a new *prima donna*, Mdlle. Ziegeler, who is making a great sensation in that city, where a very short time ago she was known as a milk-maid.—M. Reber's new three-act opera, *Le Père Gaillard*, just produced at the Opéra Comique at Paris, is a work of merit, and has obtained success.—A society has been formed at Paris for performing the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others; together with selections from their overtures, and from those of Mehul, Cherubini, Weber, and Hummel.—M. Berlioz is about to publish a work called "*Soirées de l'Orchestre*," in which, under the

pretext of relating what takes place amongst musicians in the orchestra, he will communicate musical anecdotes, make musical criticisms, and tell musical stories.—A Mdlle. Cambier made her *début* in the *Huguenots* a few nights ago at the Theatre Royal, Brussels. She was very nervous, and though giving proofs of considerable talent, was rather unfavourably received by a portion of the audience. This evidently terrified her, and she could scarcely proceed. By a great effort, however, she continued, but her agitation increased with every act; and in the last she was seized with a violent nervous attack, and had to be carried off the stage.—A medal of considerable artistic merit has just been issued by the celebrated medallist, Ferdinand Korn in Mayence. It has been struck in honour of the great chemist, Justus Liebig, whose numerous friends will be happy to learn that the artist has secured the right of disposing by sale of a number of copies.—M. Roger is under engagement to return next year to Berlin, at the express instance of Royalty: H.M. the King of Prussia having commissioned a new opera from M. Flotow for the occasion, in which the principal part will be sustained by the French artist.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES, RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

THE Rev. George Gilfillan's work on the "Covenanters," from which much is expected, is, we understand, nearly ready for publication.—The editor of *The Chronological New Testament* has in a forward state of preparation, "The Chronological Old Testament." Part I., containing the whole of "Genesis," is announced to be ready in January.—There are now more than twenty editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* republishing in London; and one publisher has sold upwards of 18,000 copies of the work. Imitations and parodies are also numerous. There is a reply, pro-slavery, or at least anti-abolitionist, entitled *Life at the South, or Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is*, by W. L. G. Smith. Another is entitled, *Aunt Phillis's Cabin, or Southern Life as it is*, by Mrs. Mary H. Eastman, more moderate in its pro-slavery spirit; and a third, *Life in the South*, by C. H. Wiley, a reprint of a tale by T. B. Peterson, which originally appeared under the title of "Sartorius," in *Sartain's Magazine*.—Mr. Murray has in preparation, a "Hand-book to the Cathedrals of England," by the Rev. George Ayliffe Poole, M.A.—A collection of the military correspondence of Napoleon is being formed, by order of his nephew. It will take two years more to terminate. It is to be published, and will run to sixty or eighty volumes.—A publication is about to be made, at the expense of the French Government, containing a complete collection of the popular poetry of the country, such as songs in the different provincial dialects, on love, war, and religion, ballads, historical legends, and satires.

The Queen has granted to Caroline Southey, the widow of the late poet laureate, a yearly pension of 200*l.*, "in consideration of her late husband's eminent literary merits." A pension of 75*l.* a year is also conferred on Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, "in consideration of her merits as an authoress, and her inability, from the state of her health, to continue her exertions for a livelihood."—Father Gavazzi has been lecturing in Aberdeen and other towns in the north of Scotland. He has acquired sufficient facility in speaking English to dispense with an interpreter, and to give a summary in English of his own orations.—Coincident events are noted as occurring on the day of Wellington's death: we find that it was the anniversary of the burning of Moscow, and of Humboldt's birthday.—The latest news of Lamartine is, that his novel being sold, and well sold, he is not going to leave Paris. He has packed up his organ and trudged away with it on his back, reserving the concluding bars of *Partant pour la Syrie* until he has got another novel to dispose of.—*The Galway Packet* has that Mr. Morgan W. Crofton, who held the professorship of natural philosophy in Queen's College, Galway, and who became a convert to the Catholic Church about a year ago, has resigned his professorship, and joined the Society of the Jesuits. He is at present serving in the novitiate of the society in France.—The distinguished Humboldt has been seriously ill, but we are glad to learn that he has sufficiently recovered to resume his usual scientific avocations. He is said, in letters from Berlin, to be employed three or four hours a day on a fourth volume of the "Cosmos,"—which it is thought will soon be ready for the press. He has entered his eighty-fourth year.—Mr. Thackeray is about to deliver four lectures at Manchester, previous to his departure for New York.—In a letter dated the 18th ult., the Paris correspondent of the *Risorgimento* of Turin states that Marshal Soult once complained to him that he had unaccountably lost a voluminous correspondence he had carried on with the late Duke of Wellington, containing very interesting historical facts. The correspondent expresses a hope that the Marshal's heirs may have found

the letters alluded to, which would throw much light upon the history of the Empire.

No official contradiction has yet appeared from the trustees of the British Museum regarding the alleged refusal to allow casts of some of the articles in the collection to be taken for the gallery of the Louvre, on the application of the French Government.—The Exhibition of Irish National Industry at Cork closed on Saturday week with a musical festival and promenade.—In a lecture at Cork on the Irish National Exhibition, the lecturer, Mr. Maguire, took occasion to mention that the attendance at the Exhibition had been as follows:—Season tickets, 36,006; two-shilling tickets, 5,661; shilling tickets, 12,253; sixpenny, 17,728, making a total up to that day, of 72,458 persons who had visited the Exhibition.—Lord Naas the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has undertaken to submit to Parliament, early in the ensuing session, a bill to extend the provisions of the Designs Act of 1850, and to give protection from piracy to persons exhibiting new inventions in the Industrial Exhibition to be held in Dublin in 1853. The bill will be similar in its provisions to the Designs Act of 14 Vict. c. 8.

—The *Manchester Guardian* reports the number of persons who visited the new Free Library on three days. On Wednesday there were 1,969, on Thursday 2,248, Friday, 2,073, making, with the number of three previous days, a total of 17,796 during the week. The number of volumes taken from the shelves for reference was, Wednesday, 390 by 333 readers; Thursday, 420 by 362 readers; Friday, 350 by 350 readers. The total number of volumes taken down during the week was 1,317; the total issue of books given out during the week was 979 volumes.—A mission is about to start, under the auspices of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, for Kamshatka, the Kurile Islands, and Russian America. The objects are—to study the ethnography of these districts, to collect specimens of their Flora and Fauna, to report on their physical characteristics, and to make maps and plans of their roads, coasts, and other topographical features.

—Mr. Alexander Williamson, one of the original shareholders in University College, has offered a sum of 50*l.* as a prize for the most successful experimental research in the session of 1852-3, by students of the Birkbeck Laboratory. The money has been placed in the hands of the Council,—and the donor has intimated a probability of his offering a similar prize in subsequent sessions.—A communication has been sent from the offices of the Society of Arts to the foreign representatives in London, describing the object of the International Postage Association, and soliciting their counsel and concurrence. To this communication many answers have been returned. The Ministers of the United States, of Spain, Sardinia, Brazil, Portugal, and Austria were the earliest to give in their adhesion. The representatives of France, Holland, Turkey and the Hanse Towns have also expressed their sympathy with the object of the association.—The vacancy caused in the Chancellorship of the University by the Duke of Wellington's death, has caused much stir already at Oxford.

—Captain Marcy, of the United States Navy, has returned to St. Louis, on the Mississippi, from his expedition to the sources of the Rio Roxo and its tributaries. Captain Marcy has followed the north, middle, and south forks of the Rio Roxo to their several sources, and made maps and drawing of the country,—a part of America hitherto quite unknown to science. The country is represented as about the finest in the world for agricultural purposes. The land is said to be well wooded,—the oak, pecan, and other trees growing to a large size;—and the atmosphere is described as having the purity and clearness of that on the hills of New England. Game of many kinds is abundant in this newly-opened region,—and the officers of the party had excellent sport in hunting bears, panthers, antelopes, and buffaloes. The old idea of there being salt springs at the head waters of the Rio Roxo is dissipated by actual examination; and Capt. Marcy seems disposed to attribute the strong brackish taste of the water to the presence of gypsum high up the river. Above the point where gypsum is found the water was pure and agreeable to the palate.—The Ray Society held its ninth Anniversary during the meeting of the British Association at Belfast,—Professor Owen taking the chair. The report stated, that during the past year the number of members had increased, and that the council were induced to promise the publication of works of even greater cost and interest than those already published. The first volume of Mr. Darwin's work on the "Cirripedes" was now in course of distribution,—with the third volume of Agassiz and Strickland's "Bibliography of Geology and Zoology." It was stated that the first work would be completed by the publication of another volume in 1853,—and that the fourth and remaining volume of the "Bibliography" will be published in 1854. The remaining part of Halder and Hancock's great work on the "Nudibranchiate Mollusca" will be published for this year. The report announced

that the council had engaged to publish a complete work on recent Foraminifera, by Professors Williamson and Carpenter; and that they were now in negotiation with the Rev. W. A. Leighton for the completion of a work on the Microscopic Characters of the Lichens of Great Britain.—The *Herald* states that it is privately informed from Washington, that as soon as Commodore Perry shall have enlightened the President concerning his recent mission to the fishing-grounds, he will resume active preparations for the expedition to Japan.—The City of London Committee of the Exhibition of 1851 have announced that the medals, certificates, and jurors' reports, presented to the exhibitors by Her Majesty's Commissioners are to be distributed at a meeting to be held at the London Tavern, on the 1st of October.—A tolerably large number of spectators assembled at the Paris Hippodrome last week to witness another experiment in aerial navigation. The aerostatic machine which was to ascend on this occasion is the invention of M. Giffard. It is an oblong cylinder, somewhat in the form of a fish, of about 120 feet in length, and about 20 feet in diameter at its thickest part, and gradually tapering off at both ends. The directing apparatus is a very small and beautifully-finished steam-engine, setting in motion a propeller resembling in form the screw used in steam-vessels. This is suspended, at about 20 feet beneath the balloon, from a long boom which is attached to it, and which supports at its extremity a triangular sail. The preliminary preparations having been completed, and the steam-engine and its platform made fast, the aeronaut took his seat, the machine rose, and went rapidly before the wind towards the south-west. Suddenly, by the action of the apparatus, its course appeared to receive a check, and it slowly veered round, thus proving some command of the aeronaut over his aerial vessel. It then steadily and gradually proceeded in the direction of the wind until lost in the distance. It must, we think, be regarded as an improvement on those which have preceded it, and M. Giffard may be so far pronounced to have made a first step in the science of practical aerostation.—The Committee of the Dublin Great Industrial Exhibition of 1853 have sent us descriptive particulars of Mr. Benson's design, adopted for the Exhibition Building, and an engraving of the front elevation. It will present a front to Merion-square of 300 feet, the main or centre feature of the elevation consisting of a semicircular projection, which forms the eastern termination of the central hall. This will be a noble apartment of 425 feet in length, and 100 feet in height, covered by a semicircular roof upon trellis ribs, in one span of 100 feet. On each side of the centre hall, and running parallel to it for the same length, are two halls 50 feet wide, with domed roofs, similar to that which covers the main nave of the building. The height from the floor to the roof of each of these halls will be 65 feet. They are approached through passages from the centre hall. In addition to these are four compartments of 25 feet wide, running the whole length of the building; two are placed between the centre hall and the side halls, and two on each side of the latter, divided into sections of 25 feet square, forming convenient divisions for the purposes of classification. Over these compartments are spacious galleries, also running the length of the building, which will not only afford increased space for exhibition, but be an agreeable promenade, from whence the effect of the three halls will be seen to great advantage. Light is admitted from above. The materials of the building will be iron, timber, and glass. The latter will only be used for light. The roofs at each side of the lights will be timber, covered with waterproof cloth, manufactured by Messrs. Malcomson, of Portlaw, county Waterford. The trellis girders which support the galleries will be of wrought-iron, supported on cast-iron pillars.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE ADELPHI company returns to its own quarters on Monday next, and the re-opening of the little theatre with a company of great promise is announced. New names of strength are included in the list of artists engaged, such as are likely to work a very deep alteration in the tactics of the theatre. The old traditions will be swept away, and, so far as the Adelphi is concerned, "the humorous man" may be truly said to have "ended his part in peace." That there will be an improvement here in matters of taste, is only in the common order of things, and Mr. WEBSTER seems inclined to bring this about speedily.

SADLER'S WELLS.—One of the boldest dramatic experiments attempted by Mr. PHELPS has been the revival of *Arden of Feversham*. The revival of MASSINGER's *City Madam* is likely to prove a successful experiment. The play is excellent, with a good sound moral, and after a careful expurgation of certain objectionable passages, may, doubtless, be revived with profit.

THE OLYMPIC.—It needed no prophet to predict that we should have many dramatic versions of *Uncle*

Tom's Cabin. The Victoria and the Standard led the van, and now comes the Olympic, generalised by FITZBALL. A great point is made of the quadroom *Eliza* crossing the Ohio upon the floating ice, but Mr. FITZBALL has had the taste to fill out the scene with a dialogue of his own composing, between the ferryman and his wife, of which we can simply say that it is the *ne plus ultra* of inane flatness. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appears to have produced a divided impression upon the public mind: in spite, however, of many dissentient voices, the verdict may be taken generally to have been in favour of the attempt.

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. GEORGE BOLTON announces that he intends to re-open Drury-Lane Theatre for the representation of English drama, ballet, and burlesque.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The Chemical Professor delivers daily an interesting lecture on the Australian Gold Fields, in which he gives excellent advice to the emigrant, and displays the means of discriminating gold from all other metals and minerals. In the course of his lecture he exhibits numerous experiments for the purpose of enabling the unscientific emigrant to judge the nature of the soil likely to contain the golden treasure. Several specimens of gold, lately arrived from Australia, kindly lent by Messrs. Hunt and Roskel, one, which from its size and beauty, is called the King of Nuggets, its weight being 27 lb. 6 oz. 15 dwts. and valued at 1,300*l.*, are shown by the lecturer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGRARIAN LAWS OF ROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—The writer of the *Aperçu* on "Foreign Literature," which forms such an interesting corner in your able and entertaining journal, has been misled on a matter of fact, and has espoused what I believe to be a most erroneous view, in a matter of opinion. On the former, I have no difficulty in setting him right; on the latter I am not without hope that I may win him to the side of truth and justice; in both, the blame must fall, not upon him, but upon the *Journal des Débats* and M. Silvestre de Sacy.

First, as to the matter of fact. The work of M. Macé, on the Agrarian Laws, is not a new publication, as M. de Sacy would lead any one to infer. It appeared as long ago as 1846. On this mistake I must be lenient, for until yesterday I was a victim to it myself. But thereby hangs a tale which I will endeavour to condense as much as possible.

On taking up the *Journal des Débats* of the 23rd of July, I found a review of the work in question by M. Silvestre de Sacy, the son of the eminent orientalist. He begins by giving an exposition of his adversary's views on the subject of the Agrarian laws, with a candour and impartiality which soon desert him in the subsequent portions of his article. For although his hardihood stops short of denying the fact which the great Niebuhr was the first to place beyond the reach of dispute on the *terra firma* of historical truth, though others, before him, had already dimly seen it in the cloud-land of conjecture, viz: that the Roman Agrarian laws had nothing to do with private property, still M. de Sacy, to use the significant expression of THE CRITIC, persists in "smelling Socialism and Communism," where of Socialism and Communism there were none, and by a course of arguments which I am bound to call ingenious rather than ingenious, he endeavours to malign and bespatter the name and fame of those high-minded far-seeing statesmen the Gracchi, whose blood was shed to satiate the cupidity of class interests, and appease the rancour of class-malevolence. Irritated at the injustice, and amazed at the pertinacity of M. de Sacy, I immediately took up my pen, and wrote a letter to the Editor of the *Débats*, M. Armand Bertie, in which I refuted, step by step, the trumpery arguments which his collaborator had ventured to adduce, and exposed the sophistries which he had stooped to employ. Such refutation and exposure belong so entirely to questions of Social Economy, that I presume they would not find admission in the pages of a journal like THE CRITIC, so exclusively devoted to matters of literary import. I therefore refrain from inflicting them upon your readers, though at the same time I cannot forbear making one remark, with reference to what the writer in THE CRITIC calls the "well known passage" of Livy, but which in my opinion is more known than read, and more read than understood.

Let us first enquire what was going on in Rome at the period of which Livy wrote in the passage referred to. This is always an important consideration. In the present case it will show the danger of quoting an isolated passage. The power of the Romans was spreading on every side; stubborn indeed were her foes; they fought for liberty; but what could they avail against lust of plunder such as hers. Sabines, Opicans, Etruscans, one and all were crushed by the conqueror's iron heel. War was her commerce; mens' bosoms her lodger; the sword her pen. If I chose to make a parade of learning, I might quote from Digests and Institutes to show how the Roman law sanctioned the appropriation of conquered territories as public domain, or property of the state. From land thus acquired, the *plebs* or commons justly complained that they were virtually excluded. They might, indeed, buy what was offered for sale—for that portions were so offered is beyond dispute—but here, how were they

to compete with the wealthy burghers or patricians? or again, they might have a portion set apart in *assignments* or lots, but these were miserably small, and their needy owners were soon tempted to surrender them to the money, and yet oftener to the violence and fraud, of the wealthy burghers. The greater part of the land was either bought up or farmed by the patricians. In the latter case the Roman law directly refused them the title of proprietors; they were merely "occupiers" or tenants-at-will of the state. Even M. de Sacy cannot deny this, the fact would not have been altered a jot if he had denied it ever so strongly. No doubt the more flagitious of the burghers would consider dishonesty the best policy, and accordingly would prefer taking (and keeping) the domain land at a tithe, which they repeatedly forgot to pay, to giving it full value as sold. Still, the distinction between private property, strictly so called, and the "occupied land," or "possessions," is of vital importance, and if called upon so to do, I am prepared to quote *ad nauseam*, the most irrefragable evidence of the truth of what I assert. To remedy the gross injustice here described, the leaders, or as Livy thinks it decent to call them, the *agitators* of the popular party, brought in a bill to divide the conquered land in equal portions. The patricians began to quake; every wrong doer has done so from the time when Adam hid himself in the trees of the garden, until now. "Conquered land!" say they with a sneer, and Livy re-echoes the cry: "why, if you come to that, the whole territory of Rome is conquered land!" Of course it was; every one knew that. But Livy did not say, the patricians did not say (and this is the fallacy of M. de Sacy), that of this conquered land a portion was *not private property, which no Agrarian law ever attempted to touch*; and if the patricians had said so, they would only have proved themselves to be liars, as well as knaves. But what recked they? The cry of "Property in danger!" went a good way to forward the triumph of might over right, which bribery, cajolery and corruption rendered complete.

However, I cannot trust myself to continue this discussion any further. I will only observe that if M. de Sacy had taken the trouble to turn over a couple of pages of his Livy (iv. 51), he would have found another "quiet remark" of the historian, that two years after, *mens' minds* were indignant at the scandalous manner in which the nobles not only refused to give up those public lands which they had got hold of by foul means, but as pertinaciously set themselves against the partition among the plebs of newly-conquered land, about which there could not even be the sham parade of vested rights. Then comes another "quiet remark," that the land in question was sure to become the spoil of a few holders.

But why talk of turning over his Livy? M. de Sacy is a scholar of eminence; one of the most erudite contributors which the *Débats* has at its command, and that is saying a good deal. He has studied his Livy thoroughly, I have no doubt; he knew perfectly well that the justification of the Gracchi and of the Agrarian laws was a fact which all the scholars and all the erudition in the world could now no longer gainsay. But so long as he could lay hold of an antiquated prejudice to chase away and cudgel the bugbear of Communism, what recked he about blackening the character of the great and the good? His object was to make the Gracchi, those "jewels" to which the greatest of Roman matrons pointed with matron's pride, the stalking-horse for a diatribe against the mad Utopian schemes with which modern socialists think to assail the sacred rights of property—God help them!! sacred, indeed, must they be to escape taint from the turpitude of such defenders as M. de Sacy. His motive, however, I repeat, is clear; the date of M. Macé's work, the fact of his going back as far as 1846 to find both a text and a pretext for his article, removes any lingering doubt which charity might have suggested. Fool! not to perceive that in identifying the Gracchi with the Chartists and Socialists of the nineteenth century, he is rendering the greatest possible service to the very cause it was his object to overthrow. I could have readily forgiven the blunders of dull stupidity and ignorance, they are of too common occurrence to ruffle the most average equanimity; but I shall never cease to despise M. de Sacy for the malice prepense, the conscious meanness of such a pitiful perversion of truth, and honesty, and justice.

I hope that in the course of this letter I have not allowed any expression to escape me which may directly or indirectly imply that THE CRITIC is in the slightest degree the object of the somewhat vehement denunciations which a just indignation has inspired. I beg distinctly to state that such is not the case, my animosity is levelled entirely—it is all too little—at the *Journal des Débats*. I ought, perhaps, to observe that my letter to that journal was written and despatched before the receipt of M. Macé's book. This was fortunate; it cost me a severe effort, as it was, to so keep within the bounds of common courtesy; the arguments brought together by M. Macé have since furnished me with such overwhelming corroboration of his reviewer's *mauvaise foi*, that I could not possibly have refrained (had I seen them at the time), from giving M. de Sacy more of my mind than might have been pleasant to him or creditable to myself.

Not having any desire to skulk behind the lattice-work of initials, I beg to subscribe myself, Sir, yours, &c.
Boulogne-sur-mer. C. KNIGHT WATSON.

STATISTICS OF LITERATURE.

THERE are in Russia 130 Slavonian journals and periodicals, of which 9 are political and 53 official papers published by the various ministerial departments of the empire, 6 periodicals are devoted to military sciences, and there are 3 medical, 5 industrial, and 12 agricultural periodicals. The Polish journals which are published in Russia amount to the number of 22.

The number of booksellers in all Germany, comprising Bohemia, which forms a part of the German Confederation, is 2,651, of which about 400 are exclusively publishers; 2,200 keep various kinds of book-stores, and the 51 cultivate all branches of selling and publishing. The cities where one finds the greatest number of booksellers are, Berlin 129, Leipsic 145, Vienna 52, Stuttgart 50, Frankfurt-on-the-Main 36. In the year 1750, there were at Leipsic only 34 book-sellers, and at Berlin only 6. At two book-fairs held at Leipsic the same year, only 350 booksellers were represented.

We have been at pains to compile a little return of our own that will interest our readers. It is a return of the number of cities or towns in Great Britain and Ireland in 1851 contributing more than 10,000*l.* to the revenue of the Post Office. Thirteen places, it will be seen—of which ten are in England, two in Scotland, and one in Ireland—contribute more than 10,000*l.* We place them in the order of importance in which they are viewed by Mr. Rowland Hill:—

London.....	£953,663	17	10
Liverpool.....	75,926	6	4
Manchester.....	60,070	13	9
Dublin.....	47,466	18	4
Glasgow.....	43,414	5	2
Edinburgh.....	42,623	2	7
Birmingham.....	28,805	6	3
Bristol.....	25,115	7	2
Leeds.....	16,932	9	10
Hull.....	15,497	16	8
Newcastle.....	14,441	0	11
Bath.....	11,349	4	6
Sheffield.....	10,408	3	9

The two most curious points elicited by this return are, the monster greatness of London over Liverpool and Manchester—and the quantity of letter writing that is going on among old ladies and retired officers at Bath.—*Athenæum*.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

BONER (CHARLES), born at Bath, April 29, 1815. Resided since some years at Ratibon, Bavaria. Author of *Tales from Denmark*, translated for Hans. Christian Andersen. 1 vol. 1846. Cundall. 2nd edit. Grant and Griffith. 1848.

The Shoes of Fortune, and other Tales. 1 vol. Fur Andersen. Chapman and Hall. 1847.

The Dream of Little Tuk. Fur Andersen. 1 vol. Grant and Griffith. 1848.

Charles Boner's Book. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall. 1848.

Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria. 1 vol. 8vo. Chapman and Hall. 1852.

BOWEN (SAMUEL), Macclesfield, Independent Minister. Author. Born October 10, 1799, in Carmarthenshire. Author of

An Essay on the Atonement (Welsh.) 1s. 2,000 copies sold. Published at Aberystwith. 1829.

From 1839 to 1851, several pamphlets, mostly on the Church question, and published at Macclesfield. "The Antidote" passed through six editions; "The Present Truth" was published in London; and "Pietism and State-Churchism, on the so-called Popish Aggression."

COOKE (SAMUEL), Artist, 50, York-street, Plymouth. Born 1806, at Camelford, Cornwall. Exhibited at New Water Colour Society, London.

Lismore Castle, County of Waterford, Ireland. (1850).

View on the Tavy, Devonshire. (1851).

Jungfrau, Pass of the Wengern Alp, Switzerland.

CULVERWELL (JOSEPH POPE), Author, Amiens-street, Dublin. Born at Exeter, 1816. Author of

Thoughts on Jeremy Bentham, or, The Principle of Utility considered in connexion with Ethical Philosophy and Criminal Jurisprudence. 8vo. Two Editions. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1840.

Manchester in 1814, its Present Condition and Future Prospects. Translation from the French of Léon Faucher, with copious notes, by the Translator. Small 8vo. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1844.

HORNE (R. H.), Author of various works in Poetry and Prose, and a Director of the Mines Royal Copper Company, lately of College Road, Haverstock Hill, but has since emigrated to Australia. Born at Edmonton, Middlesex, where his father and mother resided. His father was a gentleman of private fortune, and having nearly spent it, he went into the army. He took his son with him to Guernsey, and placed him at school there. Dying, while yet comparatively a young man, his widow retired to Edmonton, where R. H. Horne was again at school with the Rev. W. Williams. He went thence as a cadet to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Here he remained two years, but taking a prominent part in the rebellion that broke out there, headed by the Honourable Cadwallada (now Lord) Blaney, he was forbidden to return. After this, he seriously commenced the business of education by a course of self-imposed study. After a year or two, these were broken up by a casual acquaintance with Thurlow Smith (a post captain in the navy, and nephew of Sir Sydney), who, having suddenly got command of an Expedition, fitted out in 1825, for the Mexican Service, proposed to the young student to

"leave his verses" and become a midshipman in a man-of-war. This was immediately accepted, and the Expedition sailed under the auspices of His Excellency General

Michellena, the Mexican Ambassador, who accompanied them. R. H. Horne, in company with Captain Thurlow Smith, Captain Parker, and the Baron di Zandt, an officer of engineers, were taken prisoners in Porto Rico, and would have been shot, but that a hesitation occurred on account of two of the party being English officers, during which they made their escape. Mr. R. H. Horne was at the bombardment of Vera Cruz in 1825, and at the taking of St. Juan, Ulloa. So many deaths occurred among the senior officers of all ranks, that he was suddenly called upon to translate the Spanish Official Despatches and Documents, though he had only commenced the study of the language on leaving England; and he for a time took the surgeon's post in the cock-pit (all the doctors being dead of yellow fever), though having no knowledge whatever of medicine, beyond the usual ship's company's routine for fever, &c. He was also boarding officer on several occasions, and fortunate enough to capture several prizes. He was defrauded of the promised prize-money, but "took," as he said, "the yellow fever instead." Immediately on his recovery he left the service, being one of the three solitary survivors out of thirty-six officers (not to speak of men), who had embarked in the Expedition. He then went for a cruise off the Floridas, and landing after a time at New York, proceeded on an excursion to the Erie Canal, pausing to visit various Indian tribes. He remained some time at Niagara, where, having lost nearly all his money at billiards, he "worked his passage," in a merchant vessel, up the St. Lawrence, staying a few days at Montreal, Quebec, and at several Canadian farm-houses. After a cruise off the banks of Newfoundland on the cod-fisheries, he sailed on his passage homewards in a timber ship. A fire broke out in the lower part of the cargo, and in addition to this the men mutinied. A contest took place, in which R. H. Horne sided with the captain and the two mates, and the men were eventually overpowered, and nailed down beneath the hatches. The fire smothered itself, and the vessel reached port in safety. On returning home after an absence of two years, the young poet again resumed his studies exactly in the same direction as when he had left them, and as though no such series of events had ever occurred. Poetry was the chief object of his ambition, and secluding himself entirely, he laboured for several years at those studies which give substance and direction to poetical composition. His first work was a philosophical poem, which he has since destroyed; this was followed by an oriental poem, but not feeling it to be worthy of his aspiration, it shared the fate of its predecessor. R. H. Horne's first published poetical work, therefore, was the tragedy of "Cosmo de Medici," in 1837. Since this period his love of travel has led him into other lands, but they have all been more or less subservient to his literary career. Author of—

Exposition of the False Medium, and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public. London: Effingham Wilson. 1833.

Spirit of Peers and People, a National Tragi-Comedy. London: Effingham Wilson. 1834.

Cosmo de Medici, a Tragedy in Five Acts. London. 1837.

The Death of Marlow, a Tragedy in One Act. London: Saunders and Otley, 1837. Third Edition. Tallis. 1850.

Hazlitt's Characteristics. Edited 1837.

Character of Cosmo de Medici; a Fragment from History subversive of the account given by M. de Sismondi. London. 1837.

Gregory the VIIIth; a Tragedy in Five Acts. London: Saunders and Otley. 1840. Third Edit. Mitchell. 1849.

The Death of Napoleon. Edited. 2 vols. London: Tyas. 1840.

Chaucer Modernized by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss E. B. Barrett, and R. H. Horne. Edited by R. H. Horne, with Introduction, &c. London: Whittaker. 1841.

Second Edition. Bohn.

The Life of Van Amburgh (Ironical.) Tyas. 1841.

Orion, an Epic Poem, in Three Books. Sixth Edition. London. 1843. (Of this Poem the first three editions were given away at a nominal price.)

A New Spirit of the Age. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1844.

The Good-Natured Bear; a Story for Children of all Ages. London: Cundall. 1846. Second Edition. Bohn. 1851.

Ballad Romances. London: Olivier. 1846.

Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play; with other Poems. London: Mitchell. 1848.

Murder-Heroes (Ironical), or The Extraordinary Adventures of Gottlieb Einhalter. Kent and Richards. 1849.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of *The Honest Man's Fortune* remodelled for the Stage, and acted at Sadler's Wells, 1849. Unpublished.

The Poor Artist, or Seven Eye-sights and One Object. London: Van Voorst. 1850.

Webster's *Duchess of Malvi* re-constructed and partly re-written; acted thirty-eight nights at Sadler's Wells. Second Edition. Tallis. 1851.

The Dreamer and the Worker. 2 vols. Colburn. 1851.

R. H. Horne has contributed to the *Westminster Review*, *The Foreign Quarterly*, *The British and Foreign Quarterly*, *The Monthly Repository*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The Classical Museum*, *The Church of England Quarterly*, *The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly*, *The Penny Cyclopaedia*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *The Biographical Dictionary of the Useful Knowledge Society*, *The Dai's News* (in 1842); and at times to various weekly periodicals and serials; and he has recently been one of the principal contributors to Mr. Charles Dickens's *Household Words*.

HOSKINS (GEORGE ALEXANDER), Barrister-at-Law. Author. 59, Eaton-square, London. Born in Lancashire, 1808. Author of

Travels in Ethiopia, illustrating the Antiquities, Arts, and History of the Ancient Kingdom of Merce. With a Map, and 90 Illustrations. 1 vol. 4to. Longman. 1835.

Visit to the Great Oasis of the Libyan Desert. With Map and Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo. 1837. Longman and Co.

Spain as It is. 2 vols. post 8vo. Colburn and Co. 1851.

Contributed to *Gentleman's Magazine*.

LINNEL (JOHN), Artist, Redstone Wood, Reigate. Born in London, June 16, 1792. Married in 1817; has had four sons and five daughters, all now living; was student at the Royal Academy, in 1805, received a silver medal for a drawing of an academy figure (from life) in 1807; also for the best model of an academy figure (from life) in 1810. Has lived chiefly by portrait painting until the last five or six years; but exhibiting landscapes at the Royal Academy and British Gallery up to the present time, has discontinued for some years to set down his name at the Royal Academy as candidate for the membership of that body (a step required by its laws as necessary to that end); mentioned here, how-

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